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EMORY'S POTLATCHES

MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN

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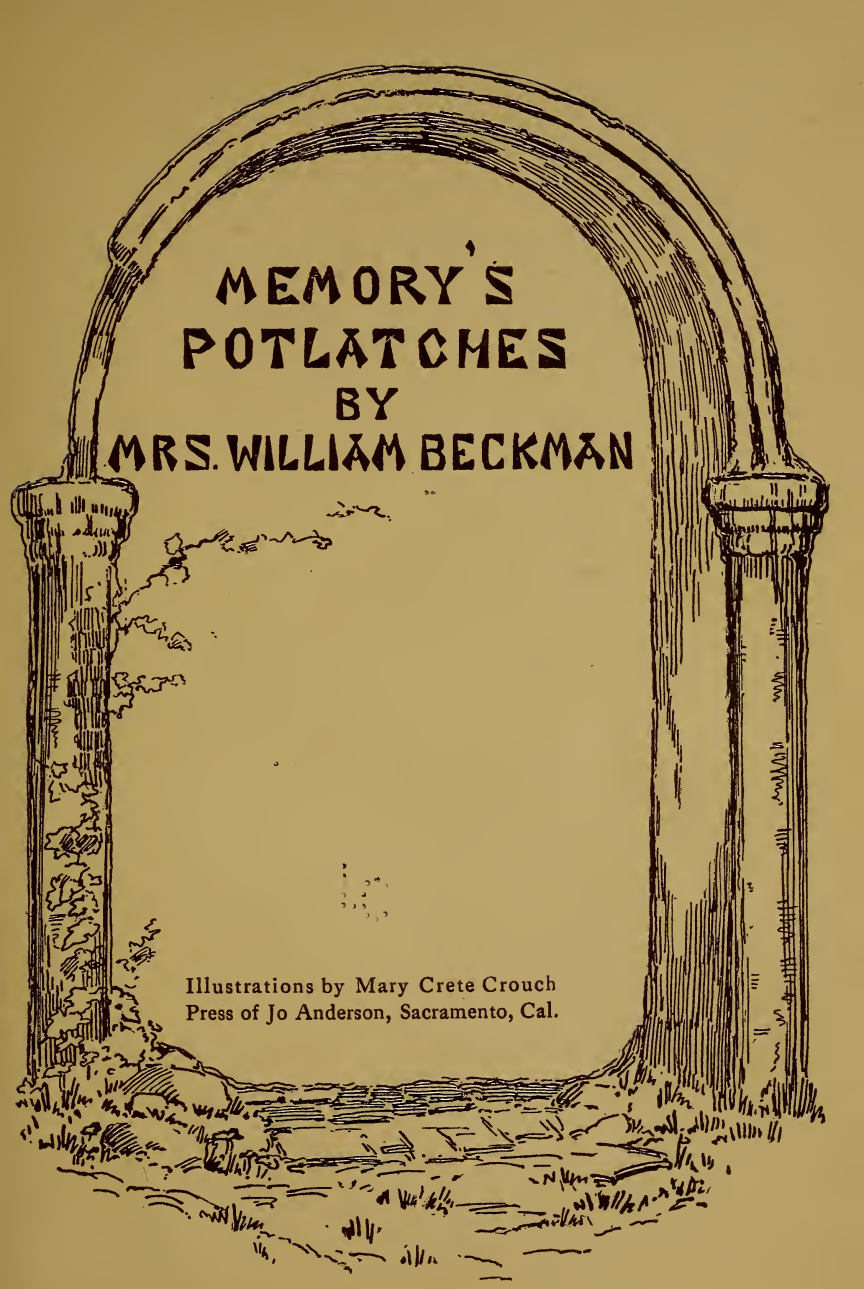

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MEMORY'S POTLATCHES

By
MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN

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Author of
"BACKSHEESH"
"UNCLEAN AND SPOTTED FROM THE WORLD"
"BECKIE'S BOOK OF BASTINGS"
ETC., ETC.

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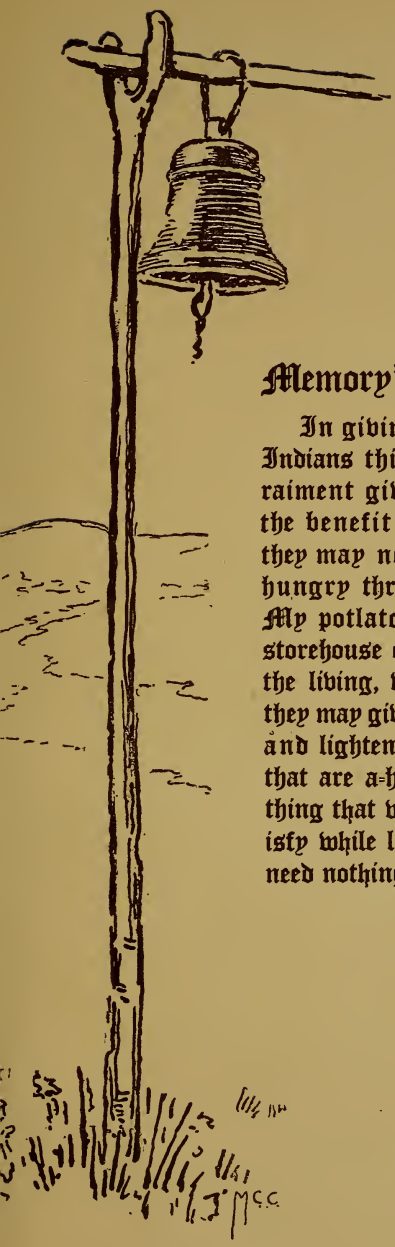

Memory's Potlatches

In giving potlatches, the Indians think that food and raiment given away are for the benefit of the dead, that they may not grow cold and hungry throughout Eternity. My potlatch gifts from the storehouse of memory are for the living, with the hope that they may give food for thought, and lighten hours for hearts that are a-hungered for something that will divert and satisfy while living. The dead need nothing.

Memory's Potlatches

When the minutes of our lives are read the errors and omissions will stand out as do the high lights in paintings. Even as they do in life's pictures accentuating, and in a way showing they help in detail. And God, the great Judge, will know and understand, and in the summing up of mortal errors and omissions no objections will be offered.

* *

Memories.

Memories are but shadows. Only one name in millions will be recalled after the lapse of centuries. The balm to the soul and the solace should be to live so that we may not be forgotten while yet alive. Remembrance after death counts as nothing to me. But to feel that those who knew me long ago, who knew me when I felt that I was born in the dawn of the world everything seemed so young and beautiful, might forget the world changed and worn, and I—while never forgetting the loved, through all the dead years—might meet in that "otherwhere" only strangers. This to me is the dread of death.

* *

Why should one be content to sit in the valley of ignorance rather than attain the hill-crests of wisdom where happiness is found, and the winds of contentment come in joyous exultant gusts, or in tender, sighing lullabies that bless the wayfarer.

Love, like sleep, throws off the brake and life becomes a dream without rule or reason. Just a pleasing, joyful mirage rising out of barren facts and sordid realities. But it is worth while to have lived if only for this. Even if it be like a mirage, nothing real or stable about it, the beauty and joy of love is about all that makes life endurable, and the heart once penetrated with the ecstasy of love finds, however hard the road, that it is worth while.

* *

Change.

It means much to most mortals to get away from the everyday sameness of one's life, and go where there is variety—rubbing up against the edges of the world and incidentally freshening one's viewpoint of life, while coming in contact with new people, new things, while the hill-crest breezes fresh and strong, blow the barnacles from one's mind and heart.

* *

The tail-feathers of my imaginations are not trailing in the dust, but, like the irridescent, glorious shimmer and sheen of the peacock's harmony and brilliancy, my plumes are quivering and revelling in the domain of fancy. What exquisite delight comes with the beauty of waves and dips of my flight among the realities and wonders of this dear old world, and the rapture of the soul attuned to the harmony and undeviating steadfastness of our sphere.

Do we not all feel at some time a very shuttle in Fate's loom? Sent hither and back by relentless, unseen hands, powerless to stop the never-ending sameness of weaving and filling life's web and woof. Mixing the rainbow tints with threads of gloom and sorrow, threads of love, music, laughter and song—woven while the heart pounds the strange material of which life is made into shape—as the years come and go. Few if any of us weave life's web according to our desires, inexorable laws hidden and nameless as the cause that makes us what we are, in this world, urge us against our wishes to do other than we do—life's unwilling, helpless ones.

* *

Flattery is good and helpful if administered properly, but I have had careless, extravagant people mistake me for a piece of toast, and lay it on as thick as butter. I am not fond of too much of either.

* *

Prudes and Hypocrites.

Outward decency forsooth, with its face washed and body unclean! Prudes and whited sepulchres who are shocked at the nude may be encased from head to toe, and innocence be uncovered. The maid or matron in slit skirt is not the surest means of preventing street corner morals from going to seed. A thoughtful mind will find far more of the suggestive and obscene in the dress of today than could be imagined in the nude in sculpture and painting.

What Is Civilization?

Men thought they were civilized when they sacrificed human lives to the God of Luck. Denied this in recent times animals and birds have been sacrificed to bring good luck and prosperity to those who claimed to be intelligent, civilized people. Such sacrifices were made when the foundation of the Turkish buildings were laid at the Chicago Exposition. Over a railroad on which I travelled a dozen years ago in Palestine, financed by Americans and their money, then but recently finished, the road was begun by living sacrifices of birds and animals that accompanied the ceremony of turning over the first spadeful of earth. It is strange and startling in this age to know that almost every custom of the ancients finds counterpart or analogy in some custom of this time. Are we building roads towards the stars or just plodding over the same moving treadmill our ancestors trod? Pagan superstition is not relegated entirely to the dark ages; it is not easily eradicated, for with our civilization and enlightenment it still exists.

* *

Gyves.

The real self frets against the gyves of civilized environments. The soul yearns for the plains, the deserts and hills with their unknown horizons. To wander with the Bedouins or rugged Tibetans on the roof of the world—anything rather than endure the eternal sameness of cities and civilzation as we feel and live it.

When the conductor's baton is laid down and the drum or heart beats cease, when life's music drops from a grand crescendo and agitato to the faintest note or long drawn sigh of a spirit passing from the earthly opera of primatical chorus and soloists, when the drop-curtain of the eyes is closed on the loved scenes, what then? Will the great Conductor and Leader take the blind, bewildered and helpless one by the hand and lead him to a heaven of ineffable peace and rapture, a heaven of music without jar or discord, to a thrilling, buoyant infinity of harmony?

* *

The Springs.

Where the flotsam and jetsam of humanity go—a mixed multitude of afflicted personalities—youth with stiffened limbs and swollen, distorted fingers, and others with saffron-colored skin showing inactive and sluggish livers, grey haired women, and men with long beards waving in the sulphuric atmosphere like agitated bits of Spanish moss, one and all seeking relief from ills brought on by reckless disregard of Nature's teachings.

* *

Needless Burdens.

I threw the load of adjectives from my back early in life and forgot to load up heavily afterwards. Being of an incurably languid disposition, I refuse unnecessary burdens. I've never been given a sheaf of leaves from the goob tree, hence I have not found an antidote for laziness.

Humor.

Humor is like the California atmosphere that oozes into one's cuticle, that saturates with its sparkling brightness, uplifts and invigorates. Only humor oozes out, but is as helpful as the other. The two combined will make an optimist of anyone.

* *

The Aryans.

The Aryans were a happy, playful, joyous lot of Pagans, and I wonder at times whether it is through reincarnations or the blood of some old Aryan ancestor that I have inherited much of their ideas and fancies. Like them, I worship Nature; like them, I revel in the joy of living, trying to extract the greatest amount of pleasure from each passing moment. Their gods did not require much of penance or sacrifice, the minor deities were not wrathful or destroying. The sad pessimistic minor note that has ever stayed with the Hindus crept in later with the responsibility of a future state depending upon one's conduct. Happy old Aryans, indeed! when they sang and revelled in the mere joy of living, without the dread of future punishment, care-free until the idea of an inexorable Law crept in to the mind of the teachers who eventually brought to their minds that "Life was a barren vale between the peaks of two eternities of woe and pain." Working its way into the Hindu religion, its sadness has ever remained with them. Alas for the Aryans! happy without the Law, and alas for their descendants, condemned with it.

I do not belong to the solemn order of a restless religion that causes its devotees to arise at two a. m. in order to chastise the body for housing a sinful spirit. In the dark and cold, the frosty hours, would, I fear, make me think with pleasure of a hotter if not a more desirable region. I would prefer a drop or two of the leaven of the Orient that would permit me to pin my prayers to any earthly thing that would hold them, while I, leaving them to the care of the gods, would wander through heavenly scenes and blazon my way to shrines of my own. And in the crimson and gold of radiant morns and fragrant eves, would delight in the mad revel of the soul which worships the Creator's handiwork—this dear old world—and pin my faith to the truth and stability of Nature as trustingly as do the Japanese their paper prayer, and trust the god of destiny and chance to keep them in place.

* *

Some people have genius of the confluent kind —it breaks out like prickly heat in summer, spreads as quickly, and it is as quickly cured or suppressed by cold applications of adverse criticism.

* *

Deliver me from people who are so economical that they laugh in one-syllabled sequences in order to save wrinkles and a widening of the mouth. Laughter leaves pleasing marks, demands a like return for what it gives, and is the most dependable sign on earth of a happy, pleasing disposition.

Sever the fetters of facts and take a riata and lasso fancies and phantasms and revel in the unreal, forgetting the common-place and sordidness of everyday life for a time.

* *

Old necessity has driven man so long that the habit comes from our ancestors, dating back to cave and cliff dwellers. And men still feeling the rush and urgency in their veins are ever goaded on with irresistable endeavor. Could they be satisfied with a less greedy life, devoting themselves more to each day's joys rather than hoarding up each day's gain, how much better and happier would the world of mortals be.

* *

A Letter.

I turned the old, old folios of memory when I received your message of love and remembrance today. It was delicious, creamy, and I re-live again days spent in the land of Osiris, where the Ibis stalks and the Lotus leaves nod to the wind. I feel the sorry spot in my heart and the choke lump so deeply that the swallow will not act. I long for the desert, the Memnon, Thebes and Denderah and the tombs where in fancy I see the bright magnesium flashes dispel the gloom, showing the wonderful paintings and sculpture of the early Egyptians. I see the camels, hear the squeaking of the shadoofs lifting the water from the old river Nile and yearn for them all, even as did the Israelites in their forty years of wanderings.

Run the ploughshare of truth through the fallow soil, and from it there will spring only good results, and in the world's wide furrows where hearts and willing hands may drop the seeds of truth, love and honesty, evil will have scant nourishment and will be choked out and be as naught. The grim god of repression is always present and nudging the elbows of those who have within them thoughts, aims and aspirations whispering, "It is not worth while. Why work, why try for the uncertainties"? But stronger and better is the god of activity. He rules oftenest, and by heeding him work is play and the hours are not wasted. For they make the morning a thing of joy, the afternoon a song, the eventide a prayer, and of these is real life composed. All the rest is vain.

* *

She was progressive in many ways, never one who trailed behind or was content to follow paths made by more conservative people. She had learned the meaning of progressive matrimony without having a map, guide or compass. She progressed rapidly from weeds—which suited her not at all—to orange blossoms and gray etamine, almost had her tears ceased falling ere the sound of the tolling bell had ceased to ring.

* *

If I can write something that someone will treasure in his heart as worth while when I can write no more, then I shall not count my labor in vain.

Life.

Life is lived but once, and youth lasts not overlong. Live it as best you may, mingle with the crowds or go in a crowd of two, without the disturbing personality of a third, which sometimes intrudes into the harmony, causing a discord, as did the third sinuous deceiver in the Garden of Eden. There are times when Mesdames Prudence and Discretion need the freedom of a loge seat, while two elemental world-forgetting young people have their milk and honey in a vine-shaded pergola, filled with innocent joy and forgetful, happily, of the omnipresent gossips who are ever hungry for morsels, as a flock of sparrows are for a bunch of street offerings. Let the young enjoy life. It were better for them to rip open the bag of knowledge and forget all but the mere joy of living. Wisdom often means a world of pain, and the pleasures of youth seldom mean regret. Mental ballast is not always needed when head and heart are young. Youth has—as it should have—the best of life, for their's is the right sense, that of laughter and singing the hours away. Life's burdens will come soon enough to those who are free from them, and love, if it lightens the way, is life's great choral symphony. The keynote of the dominant melody is love, not hate—as some would have it—but the vibrant tone to which the whole world is attuned. The pageant of poor human pride and folly may drift by like shadows on a dim sea, but love endures, brightens and sustains, lightens every burden and lines every shadow with ineffable light.

Life's Meaning.

As we loiter along Life's highways and byways and the years slide by, we are prone to give less time to the fads and fancies of the present, and less time to devote to new theories of the hereafter. All the wisdom of the universe, all the fancies and theories matched together cannot change one of God's lasting existing laws concerning the universe or humanity. Whose plans and laws are the same as in the days when our ancestral fishes swam in a world of waters. From the age of blackness we have a planet of activity, a wonderful earth that has in its evolutions, produced man with his seemingly limitless power concerning terrestrial things. With knowledge we are fast arranging this earth into a place worthy of humanity today, and it should be sufficient to do this, and not speculate or strive to solve the unknowable mysteries hidden from mortal mind. Life is ours—the hereafter we cannot know. Speculation is futile. In death only can the mystery be solved.

* *

Few care to read poetry any more. America is a commercial country, and one must write what the commercial world will take or read.

* *

The Imp of the perverse takes possession of most of us at times, and we do all sorts of odd and contrary things, for the pleasure of doing the unusual.

Fought and Won.

Those who have fought poverty, sorrow and despair and conquered cannot forget, and there are scars left on the heart that time cannot efface. But there are also well-springs of joy that bubble up, refresh the soul and give it courage; and every baptism from the spring of joy gives rainbow thoughts that uplift the heaviest heart and blesses the good work done.

* *

Mother.

From memory's vales there comes now and then a breeze freighted with the fragrance of loquats, acacia and orange blossoms. Dreamy, restful and soothing as the droning of honey-laden bees in the half-dreamed, half-lived hours of long ago. There comes, too, the recollection of the sweet springtime when the queen of flowers spread her prayer-rug, a gorgeous tapestry of bloom amid the tangle of green, woven in wondrous beauty for those who wished to kneel and give thanks to the Creator of all. And with the memory, as I walk, or kneel, comes the vision of one who loved the tender flowers in earth's gardens, but who long ago passed to a winterless, changeless garden where I trust she found the dear, sweet, familiar earth flowers and felt that heaven was not strange.

* *

Some people act like nutmeg graters on our nerves, and wear away one's patience as rapidly as the grater does the nutmeg.

Duty.

I am not an idealist blinded by the sun. I do not think it shines brighter for me than for others. But I am convinced of the one fact, that I can keep my horizon clear, that the clouds of discontent, envy, malice and slander do not obscure the sunshine and good will, of charity and good-fellowship; that keep my days bright and cheerful, and which are as a beacon light at night. Knowing also that to do one's duty as it presents itself, without counting the cost, or without thought as to ultimate results means at least the road to peace if not happiness.

* *

Sleep.

Angel of sleep, breathe on my tired lids, close my aching eyes and steep my brain in sweet forgetfulness during all the dim night hours. Let its somber hands bind my brow and let my dreams be of peace, of the rest of rippling brooks singing to drooping ferns bound together with fairy cobwebs silvered with glittering dew drops and of soft shadows wherein lie coolness and rest. In dreams let me wander for a while among moon-kissed spaces and flowery uplands, that are a-gleam with sifting silver dust of star flashes. Let me rest among the great, solemn trees that wait in hushed expectancy the coming of the god of day. And thus the feverish, restless hours will be changed into calm, peaceful repose, dream-fraught and blissful that only you, angel of sleep, may give and bless in the giving.

Two Faces.

One face showed that it had looked with joy and admiration upon the glowing sky, and in its joyous lineaments shone a wholesome, happy existence, and like the sun that had stained it with caresses that beams upon good and evil alike, so this man with his face radiating goodness and cordiality to one and all, made the world seem brighter as he wended his way happily through the years allotted him. The other's face seemed one that had grown in morbid, dank places, evil, antagonistic thoughts, intents and deeds had thrown spider-like webs over the whole countenance, surliness of disposition and ferocity of action were webbed together to make up an evil, distorted face one feared to look upon, and forced one to levy upon his personal stock of optimism in order to feel that all men were created equal, with good so apparent in the one and evil simply springing at you from the other's bestial face.

* *

The fools are not all dead. No, there is a new one born every minute; the supply is more than equal to the demand. And strangely enough, there have always been an extra number that have been tossed by Fate in my direction.

* *

It is the infinite expectations that are the charm and joy of youth, and it is, alas! the limitations that are the horror of age.

A Shrine.

I was glorified, satisfied and saturated by the vision, steeped in the ineffable charm and glory of it—a hallelujah and a benediction blessed me. The plain below a shimmering brocade of blossom, the peaks a glimmering glory, with foamy clouds lacing the mystic sheen like incense wreaths around some holy saint in old-world churches. A faint, sweet melody—the crooning songs of pines far away—were like magical harps in the distance, and came sifting through the fragrant atmosphere, carrying me away in waves of glorified radiance that left no thought or desire for aught but to build up a heap of stones and bow down in silent admiration.

* *

Keep me from ruthless tongues lest I measure their worthlessness and uselessness too closely. And from those who smile while unsheathing the poisoned rapier of malice and envy. But give me for friends men and women who face life directly—who live and want others to live—lives free from guile while they are wrapped about with the garments of contentment.

* *

It is easy and comfortable after all to go to a real image of Buddha and throw a prayer or two at him, knowing they have reached a destination, rather than offer up orisons, sending them somewhere heavenward with an anemic force the means of propulsion.

Day of Days.

Let us be up and away! remembering only today, and abandon ourselves to the charm and beauty of it. Let us be as the merest children, forgetting worldly lore, calculating and sordid motives, shaking off the ghastly material things of daily life, and revelling in an upper strata of harmony and love pure as the sun-kissed snows on the Sierra's peaks. Knowing that we shall remember, until life's fires have smouldered, the charm and delight of freedom of an elemental and primitive day, and strive to be what Nature intended we two elemental beings to be—such as Wagner must have moulded and crystallized into Tristan and Isolde.

* *

I know what it means to enjoy a vacation and delights of "home cooking," where flies in platoons, pickets and reserves assaulted the hollow squares of cake and pallid custard, making full stops on the bread, and for the good of the cause drowning themselves in pitchers of hand-drawn milk, achieving a glorious victory without resistance.

* *

Having never been a genius at mathematics I do not find it easy to fathom the arithmetic of justice, that sentences a boy-tramp who steals a loaf of bread because he is hungry to twenty years of imprisonment, and gives a man who steals a quarter of a million—a trusted bank official—five years.

The Mocking Bird and the Man.

Above the green earth on the topmost bough of a magnolia tree a mocking bird eyed me with indifference as I paused to hear him sing. Swaying, lifting his wings preparatory for flight, he suddenly darted upwards, zigzagging, turning somersaults in the air in ecstasy, only to drop down again and pour out his twittering, thrilling, joyous notes in rollicking imitation of other birds. A chorus, an orchestra in his one little throat, blissfully happy and demonstrating it, he sent showers of bird notes, seeming to know that the exquisite music would be appreciated by wingless mortals. While he sang a man ploughing in a vineyard below was lashing and cursing his horses, poor, thin and overworked, painfully struggling and straining to pull the plough through the soil and tangled roots, doing all their strength would allow, helpless and quivering under his lashes and blasphemous words, that sent me away quivering and helpless, too, out of sight and hearing. Bird notes of praise, exquisite thrills and gurgles of happiness and—man made in His image—raising his hands to torture, and his voice in blasphemy, a morning of contrasts and one in favor of birds and beasts with a lessening respect for the trousered, brutal man.

* *

Sanctuary.

Some women cry "sanctuary" for themselves, and when safe and secure will betray and flay those who have not been successful as themselves.

Noon Time.

I cry no longer for the far off moon,
And grieve no more for youth's radiant glow,
Caring less for memory's flashing stars,
As I smilingly wander to and fro,
Less heedless of Time's fierce blows and scars,
For contentment is mine at Life's high noon.

* *

Flotsam.

Softly and gently the heart throbbed and the pulse was a-rythm, soothing, lulling. The gear of the mind was off, and it was slackening, slowing, drifting. Consciousness, too, was unmoored, circling, eddying as the current might demand, but adrift with no real thought or care. No compelling life forces at work. Its depths and capacities ambushed. The world forgotten in the submerged will and dazed mentality; just a rudderless thing at beck and call of wind and waves. But with it all a sense of something infinitely sweet surged up, and then through the void amid darkness a shaft of light pierced the gloom, changing into a glorious burst of radiance, and there was no more night or unrest. The storm-tossed and earth-worn had found anchor on eternity's shore.

* *

Contrasts are the salt of life, and I have been pretty lucky in having salt of that kind, and the savor has not lost any of its value by the multiplicity of the difference and changes.

Childhood's Shrine.

Fragrant and sweet with old memories is the corner in the old oaken-raftered room where I used to sit watching the flames wreathe and entwine the logs in the fire place. The tragedy of the wood crying, weeping, shrinking from the fiery tongues that licked up the tears that oozed out of the ends, fascinated me by their beauty; the lambent flames filled me with ecstasy and the vision of star sparks flying up through the chimney to make, as I thought, other bright, shining stars in the heavens. A beautiful old room, a fire for dreams, for memories and fancies, the brightness lingers yet when the tragedies and comedies of life have been enacted; when the mind's columbaria is filled with futile hopes, ambitions and loves and, though laid away, they, like childhood's remembrances, are lasting and unforgetable as I walk the furrows of life.

* *

A kind word, a little flattery may be like a soap bubble that is round and beautiful to behold, but worthless in its way. Like the irridescent bubble words of praise, even if not merited, are pleasant and help wonderfully while striving to do one's best going through life's fords and shoals.

* *

"Put not new wine into old skins," yet how many fools there be that put old wine into new skin with equally disastrous results.

Never Hurry Land.

The lulling droning of the bees among the golden rod, and the songs of sweet desire of the thrush come from the enchanted realm of the Never-hurry land. Earth and air of enchanting rapture seem to blend into dreamy don't-care hours. Dalliance folds one close within her grasp, while the winds call in soft intonations. Faint multitudinous, rythmic melodies come from the insect world and bless the listening ears. Eyes follow the estatic flights of birds high in the air, dropping straight downward through air-holes, and then in joyous abandon tossing over billows of air swifter than the wind. One's whole being resting from the blows of sound back in the work-a-day land that perforce draws you like the intake of the whirlwind, a helpless straw from this realm of delight and new variety of thought and channels, back to thoughts of self and the Indian sickness of "Back thoughts" and "too long thinking."

* *

One marvels at the discoveries of the age and wonders why an overlooked portion of the human body—the appendix—was discovered as late as 1886. Since then various brands of dyspepsia have dwindled to symptomatic dyspepsia. In times the appendix may dwindle and be of less importance. Just now it is the fashion, the pet and joy of physicians. The motor car had its birth in 1886 also, and it has raced the appendix to the mile post with a close second in the death rate.

Society's Dead Sea Fruit.

It is but ashes to the taste and palls upon one's senses after a while. We thread the mazes of receptions, dances, theatres, parties and dinners and outdoor as well as indoor functions; we hear homilies and florid platitudes which are wearisome though innocuous. The earnest person is apt to be dreary, the jocose commonplace, and at the feasts we meet the eminently dull, or those whom liquids cheer who are noisy and give retold stories and anecdotes that have been out of service so long that if retired on half-pay would be a swindle. Conversation, if ever an art, is not the fashion. Warmed over humor is monotonous and debilitating; its effect produces inertia and a disposition to yawn, the positive ear-mark of discourtesy, but not always easy to control.

* *

I may be part Mohammedan in this—that I love the color green so well. Other than that I am glad that I was not born in a land where men only pray and must—according to the Koran—wash before praying. As women do not count in the religious duties, they never pray and rarely wash. The women and flies of Egypt attest the fact of filthiness in the extreme. Superstition, some say, is the reason why flies are never molested. Laziness and indifference seem nearer the mark, I fancy; hence, one sees eyes half eaten out by sores caused by flies that are never brushed away. A new Koran, a cleaner religion would be of incalculable benefit to Egypt.

It is foolish to look forward to better things. To wish we could all be young or "a-bornin" at the present time. Why not think of the past—of the time when our forefathers forgot and let the fires go out on hot nights and had to borrow coals the next day or eat raw food. They knew not the efficacy of fireless cookers, the joys of electricity, automobiles, aeroplanes and wonders of this age of achievement. One ought to be thankful for existence now, and deem it a privilege to have a seat in the gallery. Just living in these splendid times is worth everything, and should be sufficient without anticipation or complaint.

* *

Longings For a Voice That Is Still.

I listen in eagerness, and your voice seems to come from the winds and the waves, sweet, faint and refreshing like the sound of bells in far away meadows echoing against the rim of memory.

* *

I've been longing for you, the exhilaration of your presence is like a draught of cool water to my thirsty being. My heart dotted and carried one—and in the summing up was delighted with the whole, for it meant June and you.

* *

Eve and the Apple.

Human nature—or woman nature—is pretty much the same since Eve dropped the core of her pippin and ran hurriedly to the fig tree for the latest fashion in pinafores.

Needless Gifts.

Did those who sent flowers to the dead ever think it worth while to send to the living kind thoughts, give a word of cheer or a bit of money to him in his hour of need and want? Flowers on his coffin, however fragrant, mean nothing to the dead. Eyes and senses that might have been gladdened by their brightness and perfume, the heart that might have been cheered by the thought that some one cared—that some one remembered—while he lived was slighted and neglected. Ah, me, the pity of it! Post-mortem offerings are useless; the dead do not need them.

* *

At the Seaside.

An afternoon, such an one as Paul Veronese loved, when I sat above the crowd, away from its restless feet and unquiet hearts watching the sun glints on the ocean, the changing lights and shadows gleaming on the sparkling waters. There were numberless yachts gliding along, stately, sentient, vibrant things, responding to the wayward winds, the great white sails fluttering or tightening as they caught the fickle gusts. Then speeding away over the dimpling waters like joyous, animated greyhounds, eager for the race and coveted prize.

* *

Honorable failures are noble, but to double and fail is a crime where a few are gathered together and play bridge.

There are times when I tighten up my heart strings and refuse to let them be played upon by people having imaginary woes. I have enough of my own—know enough of the real—that strains and tugs and will be with me until I pass beyond the sapphire rim of earthly, sordid things; enough to last until the world's old gates of Time for me are closed forever.

* *

Age and Ashes.

Life's fires have grown dim and are hidden beneath dull, gray ashes. The fires of love, of youth and its attendant brightness no longer gleam brightly or warm with the glowing flashes of joy and delight. Flames that wove and interlaced threads of happiness into web and woof of sunbeams, a wondrous tapestry that made up the radiant garments of youth in its dawn of life. Now the tapestry is worn, faded and gray, the forest of glad thoughts and happy anticipations is one of bare branches grim, solemn and cold. Yet recollections of a happier youth mean much, and reminiscences are dear in the recalling. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow" is not in remembering happier things, but the crown of sorrow that burdens and presses its cold, heavy band on the foreheads of those who have not known the gladness and happiness that should be the inheritance of youth, when it and the world were in the dawning—to have no happy childhood days to recall—that,indeed, means sorrow's crown and its heavy cross as well.

Music.

There are souls who prefer the rag-time airs and noise of the vaudeville stage rather than the heaven of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann or Bach, and the short-circuit repartee of a one-act than the poetry of Shelley or Keats. Truly of what uncostly material is happiness to some of us. But as the moon, a gleaming silver cycle, carves its way through foamy, fleecy clouds, so do some of earth's creatures love to carve, to dig and delve into the mysteries of music and poetry, until they sound the depths and heights, finding in them life's meaning and life's greatest joy.

* *

Fountains of Joy.

The geysers of my happiness are spontaneous and faithful as that one recurring hourly in the famed and beautiful park—the Yellowstone. My mind, too, sends up a shower, though different, a shower of glorious, sparkling thoughts, wishes and satisfied thanks, when morning comes leaping up over the hills or when the sunbeam's last rays tinge the peaks with tints of rose. But my geysers of love and adoration do not fall earthward, but ascend to the God of Nature, the Creator of us all.

* *

Many of us rear an altar to the god of achievement and faithfully worship there. It is the only altar worth while. The altar to success and endeavor. The God of the universe needs no hand-built altars; our heart's offerings are enough.

A Waif.

Appearances mean a good deal, at least the beggar needed no tag or label for identification. He seemed the very embodiment of assaulted and battered innocence. There was such a look of helplessness and hopelessness in his eyes that it took me by storm, and incidentally took all the contents of my compassion box as well as something more substantial from my already attenuated purse. The dark moth night had spread his wings over him, leaving but little of light and joy of existence. Life's best had passed him by with flying feet, leaving him with his hemlock in the furrows.

* *

Love of Change.

It is not hay fever that affects the people in summer, as much as the "go fever." That is a disease likely to attack, as it does, most mortals at times, and some of us never recover or are free from it.

* *

The Trail.

We keep our noses to the trail, follow the old scent, forgetful of the new and more alluring paths and ways, fragrant with scents of newer, fresher things more worthy of pursuit. Thus missing trophies in our dullness and set purposes faring farther a-field in useless endeavor, missing the best by the way, and thus losing the prize more often than otherwise in the end.

I would prefer spending my life penning anthems, rather than puzzling my brain with problems, or in sending out messages that will not tend to make other people happy.

* *

The whites of uncooked eggs must undergo coagulation in the stomach. I prefer mine cooked and spare the stomach. Let the gas burn and attend to the coagulation process. Rawness in a lot of things suits me not at all.

* *

Some inexplicable thing in the atmosphere sank into my senses, rooted out memories, longings and desires that must have belonged to dust-blown ancestors ages before this thing called myself, knew what thought, what happiness aye—and sorrow, too—meant.

* *

Be jovial and foolish if you will, and remember only happy things; forget the edge of your voice, the thinning and whitening of the hair on the temples, and the pale, watery circles in the eyes if you can. Some things were better for the forgetting. Let others see and know if they wish, but educate yourself to the possibilities of the recall, and you at least will live in a hypnotic stage and be oblivious of age. Knowing only without doubt that the heart is young and unchanging in its hopes, its loves and desires. Keeping it so, what does the shape or the outer shell of the frame matter?

Two Tramps.

One I saw walking wearily along the path that ran beside the main road which was a-gleam with flashing, sputtering automobiles and gentler purrings of electric machines, leaving only for him and his burdened back the dust and smoke of flight. He was hope's forgotten hobo, and his hopeless eyes were pale, dim and milky, with the days that had come and gone, leaving their trace on the prematurely aged face and eyes. The years and the abundant dust of the wayside had eaten and made strange, pitiful etchings on the shrunken skin. Made in His image and likeness, yet apparently forgotten by God and man, he was one of Life's inexplicable problems we fain would solve but cannot, no more than we can tell or fathom the vagaries of the human mind. Another wayfarer that the tides of life had left high and dry seemingly on inhospitable shores, arrested my attention as he paused leaning with shaking hands on a stick for support before a tent wherein a palmist professed to tell one's past, present and future. He, tottering with age and infirmity, with the future's horizon and boundary line so near he need not ask concerning them, for even his earth-dusted eyes must see the shadows at his feet. Yet hope the swing in which we toss and vibrate all our lives, still swung for him. The past he knew, the future with its possibilities of love and happiness to illumine it, its gleam of gold and heavenly chances, drove him in, and his last pittance went to feed his soul on hope, rather than using it for his physical needs. The soul's

demand was stronger than hunger and hope's beacon light flashed its beams through the darkness and despair. His face was illumined when he came out, deluded with a promise of better things, life would perhaps be more endurable. If so, then let hope be nourished, whatever the means.

* *

We work and toil to achieve, to attain our ambitions, regretting when life's summit is reached, when hope's fruition is ours, that the incline is steep and the way short. Why not be like children who rush and toil for the top and then enjoy the slide down the incline more than the going up. There's wisdom in it.

* *

His face was lined and grooved about the eyes and mouth, showing plainly that he had played the game of life to the limit, and now was approaching the goal where luggage of all kinds must be left behind, except his sins, and upon them "excess" will be labeled, and the payment will be extracted even unto the last fraction.

* *

Keep the Pandora box of your mind closed. Do not allow the sins of envy or malice or covetousness to escape. But let your heart, your thoughts expand, grow and send broadcast to a needy world the sparks of love and brightness like a rocket sent skyward. Then, indeed, will peace abide with you.

An Easter Day.

Easter blessings are not necessarily found within walled enclosures. One may find them in the highways and byways. So I felt when I sped away past fields and over white-ribboned roads with dull care strung up somewhere behind and the place forgotten. But with joy along with me, and in its buoyant companionship I flew along with the ease of the birds winging their way overhead. All nature seemed to rejoice—an oratorio, a symphony came from feathered choristers, and the winds touching the taut wires strung along the highway sent down soft, harp-like music indescribably sweet and harmonious. And I—even as they on that first Easter morn who did not find Him in a temple—but abroad in the road felt also a blessing and a benediction on the highway.

* *

Leisure of the spirit is as needful as rest is to the body, for it tires of antagonistic influences, and needs to gain strength by repose, that it may not be too weary to accomplish its desires before it passes from the body. It needs encouragement; its food is love; it desires to assert itself, to develop. Then give the divine nature within you a chance to grow and to unfold. Nurture this ineffable, birthless and deathless part of you that shall cease to be, never, the part death cannot touch, the immortal, changeless spark enclosed in the earth shell—which, being of the dust, shall return to it.

Loving Thoughts.

I may not have an overabundance of worldly goods, but I am not paupered or stinted in love and kindness, which, encouraged and nurtured, means growth and richness of life, and thank God there is wealth a-plenty in my heart, the wealth of loving thoughts which is inexhaustible for my friends.

* *

She was long, lank and anemic, a Botticelli that spindled and went to seed without proper moisture or nourishment, and, like an ear of corn in a dry season, had not filled out. Inadvertently I muttered something to that effect. Evidently her ears were well developed, for if looks count for anything, I would have melted like a slug sprinkled with salt. Not being a slug or a mimosa bud I did not shrivel, but I kissed the lintel post when safe at home and cried "sanctuary."

* *

Liars use the wireless system and the C. Q. D. never fails. Its signals find ready replies, but poor old Truth plods along in its pack train time, and arrives usually when it is too late.

* *

What is the use of calling attention to our troubles and worries? Other people are not interested, and it is better not to give them free lodgings. Put them in the hurry-up wagon and send them away, and do not tax your memory as to their destination.

Books.

My books are as sacred to me as is the Koran to all followers of Mohammed, which must be elevated above the floor and none may touch or read without legal ablution. How many, many books I have loaned dear to me that have come back marred by unclean fingers, with creased or turned down pages, a very profanation and cruel disregard of spotless purity and my generosity in loaning to those who care not or have the decency to appreciate the book or the owner's kindness.

* *

Shut In.

I have paced up and down the walls of life, and while the path was pleasant, ever and ever have I searched for an opening through which I might look and perhaps find the reason and why—of Life's walls and hedges,—ever hoping for a glimpse of something tangible, a knowledge or sign of happiness that might be given as a surety, something beyond faith only, in a hereafter where we would know our own.

* *

All things come to him who waits. I am not a good waiter, and will take my chances at the head of the procession.

* *

Traditionally a woman was made out of a bone. If so, why is she called the weaker sex, when man was made out of the dust?

The white corpuscles in our blood are to the system what the Irish are to the world of soldiers and policemen—apparently indifferent, loafing lazily along, yet ever on the alert for antagonists, always eager for a fight which is usually to a finish without the need of surgeons. Leucocytes and Irish fighters, when the war is ended, are still able to fight, or are beyond the need of surgery.

* *

Some of the thoughts of Pythagoras and his followers have slid down the centuries—wave thoughts—that have been transmitted and found lodgment with us, possibly, in these days of wireless messages; and we find ourselves listening for the music of the spheres, of the seven wandering stars, each of which emitted a note, the combination forming harmonies of sound. Plato believed each sphere had a siren, one who gave out to the others her own sweet music, and the melody made the heavenly harmonies. Goethe, Shakespeare and Milton all believed and expressed in various ways the idea of the music of the spheres. "The morning stars" sang, and the "Sons of God shouted for joy." Our din distraught ears may not be able to hear the music of the spheres, but at times the inner consciousness is flooded with harmonies that are not surely of the earth.

* *

Ideas that are vague and unformulated may become formulated and crystallized into ideals that will help us or teach us how to live, and become a vital force that will strengthen the mind.

The Curfew.

The curfew tolls no knell on Market Street,
When the hungry hordes wend forth to eat;
Where, in the gleam and glare, poor virtue veils
her face,
And sin ramps forth, hot-footed for the nightly
pace.
The paths of prudence do not intersect the bla-
zoned way,
Where men, forgetful of tomorrow, or the dawn
of day,
Are minded only when the newsboy's clarion call
To read "the latest," arouses one and all.
Then men to woes of labor go, from stalls of food
and booze,
To rest and dalliance sweet; the women's mind
enthuse.
Sin, hiding from the light of day, awaits each
coming night,
While virtue wakes to vain regrets when comes
the morning's light.
The paths of peace and saner walks of life the
herds remember not—
They are as things unknown to those who've tried
the syncopated trot.

Scholars and rabbis declare Moses a myth and Exodus a romance. Then give us myths and romance, for they are sweet in the learning and the possessor will be all the richer and better for the knowledge. They are like the sweet mystery of a miracle in a night in spring. In the bloom of flowers and innumerable faint odors the winds bring us. The mystery of growing things and also the mystery of our immortal souls, that are raised and uplifted by inexplicable and unexplainable things. Myths, mystery and romance feed our souls and nourish as food does the body. When life is stripped of all but cold, hard facts it is as alluring as a skeleton and about as attractive.

* *

Duty.

No instruments have been invented that can test the soul of a woman who knows her life to be sacrificed to duty, as the word is understood, and yet is brave enough to hide her wrongs, her sorrows, carrying her burden of woe because of man-made laws and senseless orthodox rules that bind those whom "God hath joined together," etc. Custom only prescribes the welding process. There are many unions God would be ashamed to acknowledge or give his sanction if the matter were left to divine wisdom.

* *

The cry of my heart I send to thy portal;
Listen, oh Memory, to the prayer of a mortal,
Heed my petition, I ask and implore thee—
Give back, I entreat, my loved ones to me.

In Italy.

Where the days were as white pearls, loved and prized. With soft, sweet, aromatic whispering winds that told tales of bygone loves and brought truant tales of soft, low pleadings from the cool recesses of the Borghese Gardens. Days as when in dreams I wandered in the gloaming, pacing the tree-lined paths of the Pincio, or stood in the shadow of the ilex trees on moon-drenched nights, when the garden hanging above the Porto-del Popolo seemed a radiant place fit for a new Eden, and one not suited to the old daring, rampant, reckless spirits of yore, who reveled in it unmindful of a reckoning, or the Lord's forgiveness.

* *

A Supple Tongue.

It is a pity her tongue is so supple. If she stammered or got stalled over her words and phrases there would be less mischief and scandal, and her friends would be much happier.

* *

I try to keep the Ten Commandments, but forget to count. I was never very good in addition, and apt to forget what I called mournful numbers.

* *

Woman Speaker of the House. Why worry, the idea is not new. She has always had that honor when a man was sane enough to marry and install her as presiding officer in a home.

Partings.

The farewells of youth hurt when their hearts are full of love and happiness. But the farewells of those whose heads have been whitened by the frosts of years, though leaving their hearts untouched by Time's coldness, are the saddest of all living partings.

* *

It is a fine thing to possess a generous nature, and not demand or claim too much. The first crow in the morning of the early awakened rooster does not mean that the day is his exclusively because he got ahead of the others.

* *

If we can deceive ourselves even a part of the time and forget the harmful faults we possess, but usually find in others, it is well. However we may lose faith in humanity as we view it passing by, we must, of necessity, keep faith in ourselves. Be lazy at times—God rested after making the world—but not slothful; work to achieve, not simply to be doing something. The snake is belied. Slander and a vile tongue belong to two-legged creatures. Its fangs are poisonous and hurt, but hurt only the one wounded, but for a lie no antidote has been found. Be truthful to yourself. Do not imitate as do the monkey and parrot. Be faithful and kind, but not like a cur who gets kicked for his pains. Finally be truthful to yourself, judge yourself honestly, do the best for yourself and others that is possible—and that is enough.

Old things interest us now and then in this mad, machine hurrying age, and some of us think, especially during the Christmas holidays, of the legend, when holly berries make bright our homes —which tells us that the berries are red because Baldur, the white god's blood, gushing from wounds inflicted by his brother, were turned into drops of blood. The gleaming, vivid berries mean to us peace, rejoicing and brotherly love instead of animosities. Unity and love, peace and good will warms the blood in our hearts when the red berries brighten our homes.

* *

Life's Underlying River.

The great river that flows and pulses under all our life, the river with its ebb and flow, its passions and turbulence of youth, quiet at times, like the silent river in the Mammoth Cave, and again like that river flowing by and under Damascus, a river with its ceaseless undertone singing and crooning under the Street called Straight. Under arches, mosques and minarets, ever pulsing, yet giving to the earth and its needs of its fullness. So the river of blood is ever flowing in our veins, joyous, sparkling, when life's sun is brightest, rising to its zenith, when the soul is on tiptoe and life seems to hold in its infinity all the hopes, longings and desires of the human heart. Then deepening and broadening as life goes on, quieter, fainter, until at last the river, faithful to the end, sleeps, its mission is ended.

Ancestors.

It does not matter greatly whether you know much about your ancestors. But if they had love in their hearts, if they were honest and true, if they had smiles on their lips and melody in their souls, these assets will come to you through years and years. They will, by their magic, cause you to overcome much of the objectionable that life forces upon you as a wayfarer, who must live with faith in yourself, and not be too dependent on inherited characteristics.

* *

The Sacramento Valley.

"We die out of winter in the flash of an eye
Into Eden of earth and heaven of sky
Sacramento's fair vale its parlors of God."

Cuyp's green uplands and Corot's fair spring-time paintings are beautiful beyond questioning, but they can never equal a moment of joy for me as when I stand on the scented edge of a meadow and see the radiant gleaming myriads of flowers flashing in the morning sunshine. Where nature is ever lip to lip with youth and the sky glows with ethereal rose and glowing beryl. And the enchanted valley indents and embroiders the Coast line shadowy and amethystine under rose-hued waves of light in placid content resting unfretted by time—a beautiful,

"Wonderful land where the turbulent sand
Will burst into bloom at the touch of a hand."

El Camino Reale.

A day on the King's Highway, one that had action and movement in it, with winds that crooned sleepily, that sang and called to come as they rioted among the foliage and flowers, winds that pushed and surged among the tall grasses and heavy-topped grain, bending, pressing the green sea of rustling, waving masses, pushing them downward, then lifting them up, rebounding and undulating like an emerald sea in the sun glints and cloud shadows. Swiftly along the road to quieter nooks where the breezes sank away to mere whisperings, then was heard no more—silence—the day's siesta, rest. Onward later, with changing effects past fences and sign-boards that seemed to bark at us, they are so noisy in colors, while voicing the praises of certain compounds that are warranted to save you from the angelic host, though they send you to a purgative purgatory by their sure and swift effects. That life is made bitter and nauseous by their acquaintance, and not lengthened, counts as nothing to the credulous and gullible. They are in evidence everywhere, were it not so the landscapes would not be turned into horrorscopes by the pestilential advertiser. These, like gnats in the air, are objectionable when they strike the eye, but do not deter one from enjoying the sweetness of woods and fields. The fascination of the open road in the flowery forefront of the year is an anaesthetic, a narcotic, instilling delicious reveries and dreams in this region of natural beauty, where ones does

not have to go far afield to catch up with heaven. Blest with visions in this valley that touches the snows on one side and spills its wealth of flowers on the ocean on the other, where the trees clap leaf hands applaudingly, and the flowers bow to the bird music, the orchestra hidden in leafy nooks, sending delicious trills, joyous mimicry and jerky staccato efforts that enthrall the worshipers of Pan, when the sap begins to run and one's blood gets restless and rushes to the moving or going centers of our being, and we answer the instinct that leads on pilgrimages to wonderful places in this altogether delightful State of ours.

* *

Strange, vague and touching thoughts come to us now and then, thoughts of days when the Druids, white-robed priests, cut the mistletoe branches and gave each householder a piece that evil might be warded from each decorated door. Thoughtfully we turn to the prosaic present when the mistletoe is reckoned a menace, a pest, and it is banished, save on rare occasions from our homes.

* *

George Elliott says something about putting on glasses to detect odors. I do not feel the need of glasses or anything to sharpen the sense of smell to detect the odors of unwashed humanity encountered in crowds and public places. They simply rear up and strike one's senses like the blow of a hammer.

The Yellowstone.

I see again in memory that incomparable gorge of the Yellowstone where from the rim I looked westward towards the sun enthroned in sunset clouds. There were colors of blinding intensity, crimson, emerald, yellows, in fierce and soft gradients splashed on and over a tinted sky where colors had been caught and imprisoned in the wonderful cleft. Stupendous torrents of color illumine those depths from the pine fringed lips of the canyon to the jade green strip of river in the shadowy depths. The cables of daily routine slip off unnoticed, the realities of life are forgotten in the marvelous silence resting on the canyon's crest and the place was hostile to conversation. An ineffable peace and softness enwrapt us as we steeped our souls in the beauty and unchanging sublimity of this Nature's stronghold with its enduring, unfading beauty, like one's ideas of eternity's unchanging glories.

* *

Moths.

I have outlived the winged moth state, and know how to distinguish the light of the glorious sun from that of the candle. The tiny flame scorches and burns, the real, glorious light vivifies, enriches and aids life. The tiny candle-light that pierces the night's darkness allures the moths, and in the light-shot streets those who seek the intoxicants of life find in them burns, scorches and scars that sear the soul and burn out ambitions and desires for better and purer things.

From east and west, north and south, knowledge and education have broadened minds, and there are many who have slipped the bands of superstition from their forehead, and have thrown the burdens of ignorance and priestly rule from them, and are consequently reaping a peaceful harvest of love in open communion of universal brotherhood. The world is growing better because of tolerance and the desire of the average man to worship according to his understanding and of allowing his neighbor the same privilege. Very different now from the times when His pretended followers tortured and murdered those who failed to worship according to their beliefs, sacrificing those whom the One they professed to follow gave His life to save. Christianity, what crimes have been committed in thy name!

* *

There are many people who do not know how to live, who do not understand the true purposes of life or care to learn for that matter. They are like the birds which wing their way from tree and vine where fruit is plentiful, eat their fill and have no knowledge or care regarding tomorrow's supplies. People who say the world owes them a living and think selfishly that the world is made for their comfort and convenience, yet are willing for the other fellow to furnish them bread and fruit; as indifferent to it all as are the birds. Only the birds, if destructive, ask no help. They depend on themselves and do not expect others to hunt or furnish their supplies.

The Otherwhere.

Many longing souls there are who have browsed the limit of their tether until the soil is bare, stale and desolate. Who see ever beyond the length of their chains, the arras work and tapestry of green mosaic meadows and glowing uplands, of countries imagined but unknown. It is a part of one's inheritance to have a desire to get to the "otherwhere," and to satisfy in change, the unspeakable longings for the unseen but wished for places. Happy those who unfettered have been able to see and appreciate the wonders of this God's footstool,—learning and loving it—is the very core of existence, giving one the very best of life, satisfaction, knowledge and contentment.

* *

I throw wide open my windows and let out objectionable, useless things from my home—dead hopes, aspirations, jarring and discordant thoughts—all go out with the old year that gives way to the new. And in opening my window to let in the new I open my heart to the good, trusting that goodness and peace may abide with me, and through me others, too, may be helped and benefited.

* *

The Giver of Gifts gave me one of inestimable value, the gift of humor, that has helped me to laugh and smile when others would be whining or sniveling at the ruts or troublesome crossings that are found in most people's paths through life.

Let's drink to our castles in Spain,
If they're only radiant bubbles,
And the beautiful bubbles be vain;
They are empty of sorrow and trouble.

* *

Illusions.

Do not keep in the well beaten, smooth roads because others have beaten and smoothed them before you. Step out and carve a new way for yourself. You will at least enjoy the newness, the effort to make a way that is your own, and existence will be doubly alluring because you have not followed, but led. It may not be easy but in so doing one becomes self-centered, learns to control the heart and mind and so keep fresh one's illusions and hopes. Love humanity, do not condemn; show a bright countenance even when the frosts of time begin to hurt with coldness. A cheery word, a bright smile will not only irradiate your own life, but will be to others as stray bits of sunshine breaking through the cold and gloom of winter. A joyous heart knows no age. Then let the youth within you make itself manifest and the years may come and go. They cannot harm the youthful spirit.

* *

Deliver me from people who are given to throwing stones at other people's front windows, thus showing contempt for the failures and foibles of their neighbors. They would better be busy shattering worthless and dust-covered objectionable evils hidden in their own back yards.

The Light Unfailing.

There is something within our souls, our inner senses that points to an unknown but hoped for haven beyond this life. Even as the magnetic needle through storm and gloom points with unerring truth towards the fixed unchanging star —the guide which fails not—whatever the storms may bring. It is ever so with us, the soul's magnetic needle points unerringly to God's eternal, imperishable radiance. * * * Then let death disconnect the wires and steal in unannounced. It will settle all vexatious questions, worries and fears. And the soul will find the harbor of peace of unfailing light and happiness.

* *

Outings.

From vacations in the wilds, the woods and hills, the vacationists come with longings and waves of homesickness for the crowds, the noise and rush of screaming trains, motors and twinkling lights. The smell of roast veal and extras for the prodigals are in the air. There is beauty and fragrance of flowers that are pleasing,—if not growing in the open—with delicious tastable odors from viands telling of masterly efforts which are highly satisfactory to each and every one who has money to burn, and in the burning runs the scale from expectation to exhilaration ending in veritable orgies of abandonment to desires, satiation and inflamed passion. Compensations for the summer vacationist are thick from restaurants that lure with music and the tumult

of feeding man, where the goddess of gluttony and booze is in evidence, loosening the tongue and softening the heart, causing the devotees to unburden themselves of their secrets and the secrets of others entrusted to them, while they, dressing up the dollies of dalliance, forget the straight and narrow paths, and make jogs and curves in the beaten roads leading from the haunts of food to the halls of pleasure, fun and frolic, enjoying each with renewed zest all the more for being deprived of them during the fancied delights of a summer's outing.

* *

Death.

After death, what then? Now we look skyward and heavenward to the star-sprinkled firmament. In mansions prepared for us will we tread the star-dusted pavement and miss the soft velvety nights with their glorious sparks above, toward which we look in adoration. What can Heaven give us of rare beauty exceeding the sparkling blue dome as we watch, adore and love?

* *

To One Who Knows.

I am telling you on paper as best I can and not with a gushing fountain pen, that my heart goes out to you with love and tenderness. Hoping life's best may be yours, that the peace of rosy dawns befriend you, and the rich warm red of sunsets abide with you and the day and night bring you happiness, love and sweet contentment.

Fawning.

Of all the people who rub the fur of my inner being the wrong way there are none who can literally make the sparks fly like the fawning hypocrite. They are beguiling to many, but unlike Eve, I seem to sense the presence of the serpent and realize the poison is there, though its fangs be sheathed. However sweet and flattering words may be from false and supple tongues, I desire my hearing saved for words of praise or blame from friends whom I can trust to praise or blame aright.

* *

The toiler and laborer who works and drudges for us deserves gratitude as well as he does his wages. Like Tolstoi I believe in helping struggling humanity with encouraging words, aiding wherever possible, beside monetary payment. If we are not forced to do the hard and ugly drudgery of the world let us be considerate, encouraging and grateful to those who must do it, rather than feel pride and self-glorification because we are exempt.

* *

It has been asserted by some physicians that cancer is caused by jealousy. If so why has cancer increased so alarmingly in recent years? Jealousy has always existed but there is no evidence that it is increasing. It is a sort of mental ptomaine, destroying and blighting the tender plant of love. It means selfishness and hatred but does not necessarily mean disease.

Venice.

Where one's soul turns with longings that will not be quieted, for the pictures, the churches, St. Mark's and the Piazzetta, with its pigeons, with their gentle carooing, settling down softly on ledges and sheltered nooks in the evening's tender light. One yearns for the colonnades and a glimpse of the Doge's Palace, to once again feast one's eyes on the flame and burnished gold of the waters and watch the changing lights glorify the tawny patched sails of the boats speeding toward the Lido. That also burnished the black prows of the gondolas, and the old city that is enthralling in its decay, in its restless waters that come and go in soft musical ripples, bringing the freshness of the sea and carrying away the defilements of humanity. Ethereal lights that play on figures of saints, prophets and apostles, on buttress and cornice, curves and volutes in bewildering splendor; kissing a farewell to the old campanili that epitomized Venetian history, a reminder of the past greatness and power that seemed to tell of the dim ages before the infant foretold came. Whose bells once rang out over the unchanging sea, the first hint of danger. Fallen and restored, will it ever be the same to the Venetians or to the stranger drawn thither to this city of rest, enriched with endless images, impressions and sensations? Where the pulses of life once so busy and pitiless ran riot in the building and making of the old city which now enthralls with its decay and languor.

Wisdom.

Wisdom is a defence even as money is a defence—so sayeth the book of books—yet few there be who seek wisdom as a defence. The pursuit of money is not considered the best method of producing longevity. Yet the "Excellency of knowledge is that it preserveth the life of him who hath it." Then surely the pursuit of wisdom is worth all endeavor. It gives freely from an inexhaustible mine to all who delve for her treasures. The mind cannot build with other material than it has in store, hence the need and efficacy of a goodly supply and wide range of material. The joy we have in exercising the intelligences and our endeavor to acquire knowledge comes from the desire to create, to build, to fashion according to our ambitions; also from a sort of reciprocity when one understands a wonderful piece of machinery, the strata and soils of earth, the growth and expansion of trees and flowers, we seem to possess a kindred feeling, one that finds a response from the thing we know and understand.

* *

Man boasts of his strength and superiority over woman and goes swaggering through the world unhurt by his boasted burdens. Granted these things are his, and the gift of logic also, but armed with two t's, woman can in her weakness gain all that she desires as a rule, with tact and tears she flouts superiority, strength and logic and wastes no idle hours in regretting their omission.

Life's Meaning.

Life, love, joy, youth! Life—that goes on gaily and unlamented by the young, Life—whose swift flight is often the dread of age, Life—that in its fullness and bounteousness fills one with inexplicable joy and happiness, when its waves are at the crest, is indeed a fountain of joy, but the meaning of it—the horror that clutches the despairing heart—no mortal can realize save those who have heard and know in all its depths and intensities, the meaning of the sentence—"Life."

* *

Stay-at-Homes.

The stay-at-homes are all right—if they are content and happy—but why should they criticise those who love to wander at will through days of joy, hither and thither about the world? The bee buzzes its way, errant and joyous, with no apparent thought of home or the hive, yet comes back after happy hours laden with honey gathered from bright, sweet-scented flowers. The bed bug stays at home, blood and darkness are his delight and delectation—I prefer the bee.

* *

It Might Have Been.

Time takes the sting out of sorrow, and regrets for what might have been are vague, dreamy and undisturbing. Had what might have been become a reality, then indeed regrets would have been like live coals amid dull, gray ashes and would only have ended with life.

Ambition.

Some men will abjure every earthly hope and prospective happiness for the opportunity to be placed in the position where they may rise to a point of order, offer an amendment or move to adjourn. There are half-baked politicians elated with temporary importance with chanticleer pomposity who spend their unimportant time and the state's money in trying to give us laws that may redound to their credit by regulating the wearing apparel of certain human beings. The "being enacted" of the fussy member, the preambles and resolutions sifted down to few words, are given in this lucid style, be it enacted that "anyone"—the law is impartial and rises above sex—"shall be guilty of a misdemeanor if the hat pin protrudes more than half an inch." This is as convincing and solemn as the law that forbids the "rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, beg on streets or steal bread." Buoyed up with artificial wings like children learning to swim, they easily get beyond their depths and forget the smooth ponds from which they wriggled in their tadpole stage. Their wings of conceit and complacency avail them not when they get beyond their own particular pond into the vast sea of intellectual, sociological and economic questions.

* *

The gates of fun and frolic may be barred to the dyspeptic. But before he reached the gates he raced in the open and knew no barriers. Just knowing means something to him.

Word Painting.

It is worth while if one can—in writing—give the effect that an artist does to a picture. It is much indeed to arrange words and sentences, weaving in them color, perfume, sounds, lights and shadows; to transform, transpose and sketch with them pictures of places, things and people that will enable the reader to see, know and feel as if he were in the very heart of unknown places and people. Word painting gives untold joy to the writer who can do this with only a pen dipped in ink.

* *

Chickamauga's Park.

The park where the main object has been to restore as nearly as possible the field to the condition at the time of battle. There are three hundred monuments, some very striking in bronze, granite and marble commemorate deeds of heroism, and it is fitting indeed! for nowhere in the world has there ever been exhibited more personal daring, unfaltering courage and determination than was displayed by the rank and file of both armies at Chickamauga. * * * Except for the grim reminder of the conflict one could scarcely imagine that war in all its terrors had ever visited this peaceful locality. Now the ravages of battle have been effaced by nature, trees have sprung up and covered acres devastated by the scourge of war. A summer haze lay upon the land as I drove for hours from one point of interest to another. The Tennessee River, misty and dim,

loitered along between leafy vine-draped banks in the distance. Farther on was a spot where people tread softly—where thirteen thousand Union men rest who fell in the battles in and around Chattanooga. Now it is a fairyland of peaceful forests that have sprung from the soil once blood-stained, showering down upon the grassy sod and quiet graves leaves red and brown, some "stained as with wine and made bloody, and some as with tears." The vistas were mystic and soft-hued in the dim twilight of the wooded avenues as the sun sank and "Bloody Pond" gleamed warm and ruddy as it did in the engagement where fell the brave until the waters were red with blood. * * * A glory that was almost supernatural rested on Missionary Ridge as I went down to the quiet city. The smoke that hovered over Chattanooga was not the smoke of battle, but from factories that mean enterprise, progression and contentment. It is enough.

* *

I am taking a large slice out of the year, appropriating it to my needs and find comfort in the taking—days of ease—irresponsible hours— *dolce far niente* moments that are sweet in having and holding, they come easy and I am not defrauding others. Hence, feel it my right to steal.

* *

I'm no coward, but I know when to retreat in order to be able to march forward again. I have in my make-up enough of the antennae of my original ancestors left to feel danger and avoid needless troubles.

The Millennium.

When it comes, and it may not be so far distant as some practical souls think, there will be but one nation of human beings and there will be no dead languages to torment growing children and studious people. One language for all, which will retain the strength of the dead languages and nationalities. And in the courage, honesty and sterling qualities coming there will be no nationalities but a compounding of all the good of nations and languages that now exist, and have existed. Wireless telegraphy and telephones will be the means whereby a common language will be known around the world. And the one that survives will have the best of all languages combined, as will the race—the survival of that which is fittest, retain the idealism, the mental powers and virtues of all existing races; then indeed and not until then, will the millennium be a realization.

* *

I have a crucible of joy and into it all unpleasant things that come into my life are put and behold, they are transmitted into glowing, entrancing illusions, and those same illusions abide with me, making my world pleasant and habitable despite its counter irritants.

* *

Fidelity to one never causes paralysis of the heart to most men, or a tightening of the ligaments. Men's hearts are more like rubber bands —always on the bound or rebound.

Burma.

The Burmese are said to be the politest people on earth and from them not only France but all civilized nations might take lessons. Burma being the original land of women's rights may account for it; because in Burma a woman is man's companion and his comrade. Unveiled, untrammeled by caste, the women have a life of utmost freedom. The home is dominated by love, the women having equal rights with the men, the Burma divorce being simply a dissolution of marriage. Equal rights being given to the parties wishing to separate, makes a husband and wife more tolerant and considerate of their treatment of each other and careful not to give offence, but gentle in their treatment. There is nothing but courtesy and politeness in the home, and children are brought up in the atmosphere of kindness and consideration. * * * A girl marrying in Burma does not change her name. If she has property she retains it and keeps as her own all she may make or inherit. There is no asking for pin money and no ecstatic thrills over new hats. The Burma women dress like the men, only the women go without covering for the head, the men wearing turbans. They live placid, happy lives, equality in work and sure reward for each under the tropic sun. * * * Idle, dreamy, perhaps, but not vicious lives, in a land one loves to visit. A land that draws one to the golden-glory of Pagodas and green shadows of the mangos and papaya trees where they worship at Buddha's shrine, happily

content with their wee brown babies, the women's lives are as different as if in another world than that of the veiled, degraded Hindus where the horrors of child-wives and women enslaved exists. The land of a multiplicity of gods with never one to alleviate the condition of Hindu women who may never pronounce a word from the sacred Vedas whose only ray of hope of anything better after life is through her husband whose slave she is. Happy Burma with love, freedom and equal rights! would the world might learn more of them.

* *

Many a sensitive temperament suffers beneath a mask of indifference, with nerves attuned to a pitch that keeps them writhing and seething. Often at variance with their environments and surrounded by those who do not understand the passionate cravings for love and appreciation, they are tortured with heart-hunger and soul-longings and no physician may mark the cause of their disease.

* *

If one might summon and hold at will one's pleasures and joys, if they would abide with us like grief, life would not be without recompense. But hold them as we may, we know pleasures are fleeting and their glorious brightness is soon dimmed and only grayness left of joy's burned out fires. Tears of grief shut out the sunbeams of happiness—there are no rainbows for tear-dimmed eyes.

Veneration.

If men could at the present time attain the years of Methuselah, then were age worth while and man would be venerated accordingly. Humanity lacks antiquity. A century counts for nothing in the rodeo of mundane matters. But think what an unfailing source of knowledge, interest and amusement would be ours if we could hear one tell tales dating back to the time of the troubadors who sang in the charming, romantic time that clings around the knights of the later middle ages. How eagerly we would listen to the tales of these "finders," as the word troubador really means. Of their wanderings over the then known world, up to the discovery of our own country.

We would be charmed if we had Methuselah to tell us tales dating back for over six hundred years, enthralled by deeds of the crusaders, hearing and marveling that the troubadors took for their model and method the Bible itself. In beauty and harmony were the songs composed by these sweet singers, that have come to us in marked contrast to our coon songs, rag time, and nasal music of the vaudevillians of today.

* *

It were far better to go through life not expecting to be a part of some great incident or accident, but rather accepting the trivial things of which life is made, with joy, complacency and fortitude; for the gods who rule our destinies give unto us according to their whims and fancies.

Springtime.

The almond orchards are billowy and white like foaming surf surging against the base of the foothills which undulate in green mists above them. A voice in the distance comes to my listening ears yodeling minor melodies, while along the road plodded Hindus turbanned and silent. Wondering perhaps, even as I, that they had felt the West calling to the East. And though having answered the call surely feel themselves a misfit in this new, buoyant, thrilling West that is yet young and friendly enough to welcome to its hospitable shores the aliens from all lands, they being welcomed by its people who are a part and parcel of the warm, generous, loving spontaneity of nature, and who give even as she, impartially to all who ask.

* *

School Master.

God, the great school-master and teacher, did not give us the idea of two realms, one of the flesh and devil, the other celestial purity. The churchmen have assumed and become possessed with the idea and taught it, acknowledging the power of evil over good. Happily science is casting out these devils and is giving a friendly and beautiful world to man, and is making him feel that in its freedom from evil spirits it has a kinship with him. He is now looking forward with confidence to the future and trusts implicitly the power that brought him here will deal justly with him in the hereafter.

The Land of Odin and Thor.

The memories of which are as though seen in another and dimly remembered sphere. A vision of the palaces, towers and fortifications of Stockholm and of an evening when our boat wound in and out among the islands that thickly dotted the waters, some with costly residences, ranging down to toy-like houses and camps from which came the sound of voices, laughter and song. Scraps from old ballads, from time-worn castellated walls and tumble-down towers, resting on the water's edge seemed dreamy and strange drifting down into this realm of beauty. It was dreamland and wonderland, for it seemed unreal in the misty light following the setting sun. A few radiant bars pierced the blue mists and across them was silhouetted the mirage of islands, some palpitating with life, and glowing in one mass of flowers were ideal homes, others lay in the beauty of solitude, stretching on and on in bewildering beauty, glowing in light, or in shadows that would be the despair of an artist however skillful. Cuyp and Hobbena found such mellow evenings with broad stretches of wooded island and of waters, where birds winged their way wearily in the pale gray twilight. Faint odors came to us from freighted, woodland winds that riffled the long grasses, and ruffled the placid waters as we moved past these islands, little punctuation marks of the Baltic Sea. A new moon added to the beauty of it all. Titania and all her forces were out and it was dreamy and beautiful as the night deepened and small boats

stole from the banks, at each prow a dim light shone like a glow-worm while strange sounds filled the air, a commingling of rippling waters and wind among the pines, music of far-away voices and songs, following us until the shadowy outlines of fortresses and castles faded away, leaving only a memory—one that will be vivid and sweet woven with its legends and its network of dream places and of a palpitating, joyous life.

* *

Cedars of Lebanon.

The groves indeed were God's first temples and in those temples what sublime thoughts must have come to the patriarchs—those leaders of men in the days when they worshiped God among the trees of Lebanon before the Phoenecians built the first temples down in Tyre. What a worship that must have been! amid the solemn majestic trees, in the early mornings and sombre evenings, with the dim sky showing amid the gnarled boughs and the red fires gleaming on the altars of heaped-up stones where the blood of beasts was spilt and smoke from the sacrificial bulls ascended to a well pleased god who must have seemed nearer to those worshipers then than to us now.

* *

Politeness is on the wane, it has been said men were once so polite they would bow to a petticoat hanging on a line. Petticoats are not in fashion now, hence politeness is dying out for lack of exercise.

A Reminiscence of Sitka.

Sitka, where memory loves to linger, is marvelous in its setting of shimmering waters and crystal air, with its distant mountains half magical, half mocking in their aloofness, possessing strange subtleties and charm in their remoteness and mystery, an alluring world of mountain ranges, of tossing clouds, landscapes and seascapes of marvelous beauty. Memories come of a warm, drowsy day that bursts like a blossom from the roots of summer and enwrapped the town and its environs. A day that lured us from the streets, old forts and Greek church and stolid Indians out to the almost tropical beauty of the woods bordering the Indian River. Woods wherein were the burial mounds of the tribes of other days. The water sang strophes and lullabys, steeping one in the very essence of calm. There was the tongueless silence of dreamless dust upon which we rested, and while resting there came from somewhere—from nowhere—invisible voices sweet with unformulated melody, but calling, calling—voices of dust blown nomads coming from the silence of centuries gone by in tones that thrilled, melted and tugged at one's heartstrings, playing upon one's emotions like the music of wind-touched memory bells. Strains of music as if Israfil, the angel of song, with his heavenly choir was hovering in the incense misted air, and sending down heavenly melodies. * * * Then again through the forest aisles there came songs, airs that seemed more like chants or echoes coming from lost voices, elusive, strange

that kept repeating, trailing off into whisperings, coming as from throats that sang as the birds without discord. Sang in minor cadences of sadness that had learned and imitated the wailing wind sprites in dust-haunted caves that were filled with the pathos of moaning waves; sounds of trees swaying in rythmic motion with their leaves fluttering to soft puffs of zephyrs stirring them gently, fainter, softer, quiet and breathless silence. The witchery and strangeness of the far northern region took possession of me. Dormant faculties that had slept perhaps for centuries awoke, and I re-lived primeval days entranced by the sad wailings of desolate beings moaning for their dead; or was it the wailing of lost souls moaning, crying out in longings, asking to return to their loved ones by the dim river? Was it a hypnotic state or a dream? Whatever it might be, it will be sweet in remembering and last when lighter things are long forgotten.

* *

Fate.

Fate has shuffled the cards and dealt out pretty good hands for me, and though giving out blanks and useless cards occasionally, I am not complaining—a bluff at time works wonders—for what people call Luck is very often only Pluck.

* *

Petrified ideas and principles forsooth! give me the elastic kind that will rebound. Do not do, or cling to one thing forever.

Wanderlust.

Some old roving ancestor is shut inside of me and gets the wandering fit now and then, and I simply must do as he dictates. Almost unconsciously I am lead into the spaces where Nature stands tiptoe, and with her hoary crest wreathed in cloud vapors, her mirror-like lakes star dusted in the liquid silence of the evening that is alluring, enchanting with green and violet colored mountains that are etched into a weird gray sky, tinted with rose and gold of the departing sun god. One evening I recall when a forgotten bit of the warm afterglow rested for a moment on a lone peak which seemed to sustain the immaculate blue empyrean. The great arch of the sky was unstained, save here and there wreaths of vapor floated up into the blue were caught and torn into filmy nothingness on the serrated ridges. * * * The air was an inexhaustible draught of priceless cordial, invigorating and helpful. Pure physical delights and soul satisfying things, with delicious thrills of gladness enthralled me as I listened to the sound of murmuring streams, little ripples of gladness coming from the silence that are like a benediction. Nature may be a blind force—but in her blindness there is more real understanding than man in all his wisdom and far-seeing eye can ever show. Nature that simply obeys a higher law than we know of, that bares her bosom to the loving kisses of the sun and brings forth the marvel of bud, blossom and fruit. It beckons and calls us and in the hush that lies on the world's

uplands we may pause and think of some of the mistakes we make in the strenuous life below. I ponder and think perhaps this the roving ancestor in me desires me to know, and that I am to know also, that Nature teaches us that we crowd too much into our short lives, that we waste strength on trivialities, and let slip the greater and better things of life. But that we have time enough to do all that is intended us to do, if we only accept the fact that the Creator only asks this—whatever we do to use aright the time that is allotted us.

* *

Simple Life.

I wonder if those who talk most of the simple life mean it. Excess in anything is not desirable, but there are way stations between that are pleasant. The Igorrote is a living example of the simple life. All that the men need is a pipe and a pup. They smoke the pipe and eat the pup—regardless of ancestral tree. The Gee string does not count; he is decollete about as far as the naked eye can reach. He is so simple and natural that one is instinctively generous and hands him the nearest jute bag, and gladly turns from thoughts of simplicity and pup, to dinner and crabs that may not look much better, but taste like Heaven; finishing a complex and gratifying repast, perhaps, with one of those cheeses that as a rule isn't fit to eat until you can't. The Igorrote's simple life would scarcely do for the civilized, yet were there a reversion of modes, perhaps he would sorrow for us.

Puget's Sound.

The fields were full of a shimmering mist, and the mountains with their feet dabbling in the sapphire waters wrapped their heads in a blue, misty gauze with glints of gold showing here and there. There were dream islands dotting the waters, little flecks of earth flung from the Creator's hand, fair with Nature's purity and fidelity and the soul of the world seemed to brood over all, blessing the opal tinted dawn, giving to the pale green morning a welcome and greeting. And my soul, responding to the great soul of the world, finds rest and adoration in this garden of forgetfulness. With relaxed nerves and brain I worship in its silent beauty and wildness. Among great trees and logs which fell when the "Roman Empire fell" and silent they lie as men lie on the field of battle, while sounds come from musical little brooks, hidden away from eyes but blessing with their healing musical ripple, ears hurt by the blows of sound. And I, dreaming of days long gone, forgot myself and the present and dream that Pan, the god of the woods, was standing there, in sturdy solemnity; but awakened to reality, I saw he was fashioned by Nature from the stump of a tree. Mosses and lichens grew on his clothing of bark, but his pipes were useless, silent. The birds piped for him, doing all in the musical line their little throats would allow. The soft winds touched the tree tops and fell in gentle zephyrs to caress the frail, tender plants that dig their little root fingers in the moist earth, brought

to me the subtle odors of the sweet woodsy things about me. The winds lift the feathery fronds of ferns that cover the scars on mother earth's bosom, little flashes of sunlight come and go, making sudden impromptu changes in the green vistas, and far above those blue mists of chance and uncertainty where live timid denizens of the wood, Mount Ranier gleaming a giant wedge, cutting through the amethystine veil and standing tip-toe touched the foamy clouds—no whiter than its untouched snows. It was a glorious morning of drifting clouds and mists lifting up from a world just awakened from a night of gloom. Little wraith wisps of vapor clung to the tops of trees, melting into nothingness or massed by wanton breezes veiling dimpled hills and glistening streams, leaving behind dewy kisses that gleamed like millions of diamonds upon myriads of flowers, and its moist breath on soft gray mosses that cling to the trees in lacy fashion and on arcades formed from the clasped and intertwined arms of mottled old trees. Mists that roll and toss in expectancy, touching the lofty pines, sending down streamers, one strives to grasp, elusive and tantalizing with insistent, wordless call to which the soul answers if one has the love of beauty, and that strain of sentimentality without which life is barren of its sweetest joys.

Isolation.

However man may mix and mingle with his kind, however he may sacrifice himself to humanity, and try to lose himself therein, or forget in the study and worship of nature his personality, he is in a large part doomed to isolation. He has to live and to bear as best he may the tragedy of his individuality.

* *

Progression.

The ultimate perfect development of the earth may not be chimerical, for recently it has made such rapid strides in advancement that people are imbued with the spirit; most especially now that public schools once supposed to be an invention of the devil are recognized to be a lasting institution, and one that has driven ignorance and superstition to the slime and morasses of darkness where the sun of knowledge and progression does not shine. Also no greater proof of development and progression has ever been known than the finding of woman by woman herself. Bound down by the iron gyves of brutality and ignorance, imbued with the idea that she had no soul, that her only cause for existing was to serve man as his slave, his property, to be treated worse than beasts, with no thought save for her master, and no right to a possible heaven that was reserved for man. It speaks much for women who through

ages toiled without praise or commendation, without thought of possible happiness here or hereafter, that through ages of abasement and patient serving she had within her that which kept her from utter vileness and degradation which in man would have resulted in bestiality and vice beyond imagining. Living without hope among the bigotries and selfishness of the males who seemed to think that they had free passports to heaven because they were men, it is the marvel of marvels that she has advanced and made a place for herself that means everything to the world as it now is, as it will be, for she has found her soul, her place in the world and will never lose it.

* *

My mental camera has proved invaluable and trustworthy in my wanderings, for I have brought back well developed pictures and impressions of places visited, that have helped me keep the spell of each place and the charm of the original. From each country are pictures indelibly fixed in memory that are a never ending source of delight. Seen through eager, optimistic eyes, retaining the good, the instructive, the beautiful, while disregarding the annoying and disagreeable things, I have kept the essence of each journey and found in each day little lyric interludes like the bird notes and songs of children and memories of Alpine horns mixed with the downward rush of waters all have combined to make travel a happiness and joy.

The Falls of Minnehaha.

"Among the clover-scented grass
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields of God."

An idyllic beauty spot, an Indian classic hallowed in song, beautiful, but disappointing as a fall. But picturesque among aromatic forests where riotous vines festooned from tree to tree vie in rich red and wine tints with the vivid leaves of the sumac and the yellows of the golden-rod and maple. The sound of dropping nuts was heard and rustle of falling leaves was on the erstwhile hunting ground of the Sioux Indians. Chippewas and other tribes. The French voyageurs and pioneer hosts all came vividly to my mind as I listened to the music of the "laughing waters" and mused over bygone and strenuous times. The bluejays scolded one another in the maple boughs, the robins hopped about on the green sward, their red breasts making vivid blots of color against the green. The squirrels were busy storing up nuts for winter's use. In hedgerows and in woodland paths were clusters of blue and white asters, the fallow fields were rich in the drifted gold of Spanish needles and golden-rod. Everywhere were evidences of the dying o' the year, and surely Nature is sweetest in the dying, and sweet are the memories of Minnehaha with autumn's mellow tints and peaceful scenes.

Egotism.

Life has bestowed upon me much that has been satisfactory and worth while, but not in such a manner that I can attach any undue importance to myself. The bareness of egotism has created no wide-reaching deserts for me. Disappointments and useless wishes have been mine, commendation and applause also, but my reasoning faculties tell me others have had the same experience, and that I have no cause to be vain or deem myself blest above my kind, hence I do not feel isolated. * * * Most of us make life of interest to ourselves according to the energy expended. "A charmed life" means one hewn out by the possessor and rarely do we find one possessing enviable virtues who shows a knowledge of the fact. The shallows ripple, the deeps are silent. Pleasures and wealth are very often for those who are on the alert to admit them when they pause at the door—ignored they do not always return. * * * The days and hours are dull or apt to be to those bound up in self and passive, negative beings have no place in my life's boundaries. Weariness and dissatisfaction of the egotists who have no interest outside their personality make them dull companions to the self-centered, and there is small reward in their companionship. But those who find joy in the deeper emotions and affections, those who forget the faults of others, while trying to efface their own, are sufficient unto themselves. They look with rapture and gratitude upon life made beautiful by utilized opportunities.

My Garden.

There are no apples of discord in my garden, or fruits that are forbidden. In the calm of daytime or in the night's silver sheen of moon glints, peace seems anchored and rooted in the delicious dream place. And I, forgetting that there are temptations and dissensions elsewhere, wrap the kimono of silence and sweet content about me, knowing my garden is free from the serpent's guile. It is latticed in with shining, silvery webs, the webs of honesty and candor against which malice and envy are powerless. I create my own Eden and enjoy it without restrictions, and am not afraid of eviction for I am not searching for the unknown and needless in fruit or trees, being content with what I have.

* *

A Postscript.

I found you the dessert of my life, sweetest at the closing, dearest and best and worth all that has gone before. No more of heart-hunger now, no more of aches or hurts—but soul-satisfying content of mind making life complete.

* *

This old world is wise and has had abundances of experiences, and I am not planning to lay out and macadamize paths straight or crooked for its inhabitants. I am content to stick to my own foot or bridle paths without asking others to carve a way for me or to follow in my paths even though I might think "my way" fair and worth while.

Picturesque America.

There are many people in our Western land who visit the old world while they are comparatively ignorant of the typically beautiful delights of the Pacific's rim—the last stamping grounds of America's picturesque and glorious West. Europe, which is growing richer every year in age, a quality that attracts us and makes us wander in softened mood among the ruins, the historical spots and art treasures of the world—has its foil in the West—and some of us turn from age to youth. The Northern Coast in its wild, fresh youth has the quality that turns people's hearts to the West to enjoy the freshness, the primeval newness from which the first bloom has not yet been brushed away by civilization. One realizes this in the vast, unmarred picture of perpetual refreshment and beauty, and once seen, it will linger in memory when others are forgotten. It is blissful to loiter along smooth roads with moist surfaces, a thing of delight to pedestrians, around bends and curves that lure one on and on, to discover new beauties at each turn in blissful unconcern as to the place or the hour, but feeling an unwonted thrill pulsating along taut sinews, knowing that with each rod of beauty the germ of elemental happiness is multiplying with wonderful rapidity, and that Nature in all her moods is a boon companion wherein it is easy to become acquainted with one's self and find it sometimes—

a very satisfactory acquaintance. For the best in everyone responds to the best in Nature, who gives as freely as she receives. * * * Another hour that is dear to memory, was a sail out on the waters, which in the sunset's flame gleamed a moulten mass of wine-red beauty with forests showing dim and ghost-like through a blue haze that enveloped them and lay like a fleecy, shimmering veil upon the waters—a velvet heaven full of stars showing through the haze an enchanted world, the witchery of it filtering into the tissues of the heart. Then in the east, like a blaze of pink flame, the moon gleamed as the dusk deepened, bathing with its radiance forests and gorges, touching with bright shafts the roofs of dwellings, where rest the toilers—and those who toil not. Bathing in luminous sheen the innumerable house boats and bungaloes snuggled away from the world's traffic amid the silent forests where flock the city's people, who find rest among the wooded fastnesses of the island flecked waters of the Sound and on the shores of Lake Washington, living ideal lives in the short season the climate permits. Along wild waterways I see lonely birds fly by ghost-like and silent, past fleets of small craft with their sails looking like white butterflies hovering over the water. Anon I see strange pointed canoes gliding slowly along with red men paddling in silence with never an answering nod or look in response to salutations bestowed upon them. Other canoes lay on the sands, where the squaws and children were digging clams or going homeward with well filled

canoes in the cool of the evening, lazily drifting with the tide—a part and a fitting portion of their surroundings, with the summer slumber that lay upon the land, and its somnolent silence resting on the waters. The calmness and laziness of Indian summer enshrouding the landscape in its dream-like loveliness.

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Cypress Point, Monterey.

A place where one is not disposed to be economical of time, but enjoys an idle restfulness, loitering along the rugged coast, with its strange formations, architectural designs wrought by the winds and the lash of the ocean's wave, notched, jagged and suggesting the awful power of the waters ever surging up in mad endeavor to break away the barriers.

Pictures of undefinable beauty show through rents in the fog veils that wreath dim distances, the winds caress and soothe in soft touches, then sigh themselves to sleep among the hoary trees—aliens of their kind—that are wonderfully impressive in their weird, solemn grandeur. There is harmony of color, the limitless horizon, lifting and falling of waves, the chirp and chatter of squirrels, and cry of lonely gulls are heard on the jutting crags. Unforgetable scenes are etched into lines that make pictures of strange, lovable brightness, and the voices of the winds crooning amid the cypress trees seem calling one from the tumult of the world to an infinity of rest amid their solemn recesses.

The Fairies.

The good fairies that scattered the seeds of love and kindness in the human heart did not find the soil responsive and generous as did those who were entrusted with the seeds of fruits, flowers, grain and trees. These, scattering their inestimable bounties broadcast over the wide, wide world, found earth's soil warm, rich and true. True, because ever and always the seed gives back its kind, cycle after cycle the flowers bloom, the trees grow, each his own particular kind as in the first sowing. The edelweiss and snow plant cling unchangingly to their frost borders, and the palm and cacti are wedded to the sun lands and desert sands. The pines, whether on the mountain tops or down on the slopes, kissing hands to each other, are ever the same pine or fir tree. No miscegenation or mixing. * * * The poppy and golden-rod flaunt the yellow of their species with never an interchange of identity. It is left almost to humanity to change, to mingle to lose identity, not remaining true to any one particular type, physically or mentally. We try to cultivate individuality, to be just and true, try to nurture good thoughts and high aspirations, try to be steadfast in our loves, friendships and associations, yet each one knows deep down in his heart that a word or look not according to his liking will change the mental status in a moment's time and that hate or dislike is ever ready and on the alert to spring into vigorous action downing the better emotions. This probably explains our wor-

ship of Nature. For the dear Mother Earth gives us steadfastness, blesses us with her never-ending wealth of bud, blossom and the fullness of the harvest faithful forever.

* *

An Autumn Day on Lookout Mountain.

A day that etched itself in memory as I looked down that mountain and thought of the battle among the clouds, broken into deep ravines steeps and slopes and precipitous cliffs where four thousand of our infantry men forced their way up the steep declivities, crawling on hands and knees in the fierce blast of a storm of musketry in the hands of the enemy. Huge boulders were hurled down upon them, the fog and mist helped and—Jackson blundered—else Old Glory might not have been planted there as it was later on in the day of battle. Each side fought with bravery and desperation, that one should be vanquished was inevitable but oh! the pity of it all! It seemed to me that Nature was grieving over it on that warm bright day so near the time of the year when thousands laid down their lives in the turmoil of battle. Some small shrubs attracted my attention, the upper part of the leaves were a rich crimson, the under a delicate gray, and, fluttering in the winds they curiously enough turned the gray side upward to the smiling skies. The gray facing the blue of heaven, the red toward the earth where the crimson blood of the Blue and the Gray tinged the soil where the dying closed their weary eyes looking their last farewell on such scenes as these.

The Eleusinian Way.

However much one enjoys Athens, the Parthenon and its ruins—rich in historical value as are the whole environs—one cannot but wish for the days long gone and feel a desire, a longing to cut down the phalanx of years and travel with the initiated along the Eleusinian Way, and yearn to be one of the procession, carrying baskets of poppy seeds—with singing and incense—to be as a god and incapable of tears, holding fast the soothing, sleep-giving poppies. Lulled by the sound of the sacred water running from the cave of the nymphs, listening to the busy chatter of the sun-burnt grasshoppers and the dreamy droning of honey-laden bees and faint chirping of birds in the hedges and groves of Daphne, with the wind flapping the waves against the rocks. To be a part of the procession and imbibe their myths and mystic rites and know something of the Greek religion where the "worship of sorrow," as Goethe puts it, is sometimes supposed to have had no place in the religion of the Greeks—would be worth while. Theirs was a religion of pure ideals and conception, a religion of cheerfulness and worship by an untroubled, unreflecting humanity; conscious of no deeper needs of the embodiments of its joyous activity. Surely a religion soothing and helpful. Helping year-weighted people to forget traces of decay and gloomy forebodings, they worked and tried by a subtle alchemy to extract tranquility and beauty out of life, and in their

world of fanciful myths, their gods and goddesses, they were joyous, art-loving, life-loving people one would be glad to mingle with; enjoying the company of their gods, myths and mysticisms, then doubtless find contentment afterwards among a world of real men and women.

* *

In Egypt.

If I were a Gerome I might give an idea of the violet-tinted atmosphere of Egypt, and of the world of strangeness as I see it from Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, where life is seen in all its phases; where British garb and Highland kilts seem strangely out of place in this region of latticed windows, of turban, red fez and veiled faces. I gaze at the donkeys, clipped, painted in stripes, looking like circus animals, with never a frisky or shy manner to accord with the coloring. But plodding solemnly along while the donkey boys prance beside them, clothed in long, woolen shirts and striped turbans. On the Nile what visions come to me. The cradle of Moses! Cleopatra's barge and the pyramids!—solid, not visionary—showing dimly through shades of violet hovering over the tawny desert. A desert where one does not miss the forest as at home. They are not needed as accessories to the picture. The palms with the long, bare trunks topped by waving fronds, are in keeping with the long legged camels and bare, brown legs of the people, are cut like cameos against the dun-colored, silent desert, and are like phantom pictures.

The Poppies' Lesson.

Poppy leaves lasting for a day, tossed by errant winds and fluttering in a sun-warmed riot of color; poppies that bared their hearts to the caresses of the sun, flushing, radiant in their glowing beauty that held all the glory of color and richness their evanescent beauty could show. And though evanescent in their beauty, like brilliant dreams that float on the waves of sleep, surely it is not in vain, for Nature makes no mistakes. They are Pagans, flagrant Parsees worshipping the sun and reflecting its glory—but it is worth while if only for a day to be like a Parsee—a poppy—and unfold one's heart and feel the beauty, the warmth, power and glamour of the god of love. If that fails and the heart does not know of the unfolding and wondrous power, then life's best and greatest gift has gone astray. If love has failed, then let Atropos come through the sun glints or moonbeams, and with scissors cut the golden threads of life—for it is not worth the living.

* *

The debt of gratitude I owe may be outlawed by the statute of limitations long ago, but there is a natural law that knows no limitation, that time can never change or outlaw—the law of loyalty and love to my friends. And you, friend of mine, can never be so far away, please God, that my love, trust and gratitude cannot reach you.

In the Valley of the Jordan.

"Content to know the journey is not long,
That soon though we depart or stray a-wrong,
The caravan is creeping toward the goal
And we have cheered the noon halt with a song."

Having seen I can never forget the strangeness of the motley throngs of people, the long lines of heavily burdened camels, the insistent, persistent noises and conglomeration of men, of languages and races strangely crossing and recrossing in vivid confusion. Again as in a vision I see men in long, flowing robes looking like bronze statues on magnificent Arabian steeds, with lances at rest and arms upraised praying to Allah, with faces uplifted to the skies, are strangely fitting in the lonely wilderness—human, yet mysterious and in keeping with the broken towers, ruined arches, crumbling minarets and dusky Bedouin tents that seemed unreal, filling one with a sense of remoteness and desolation.

And stranger still, from unseen spaces, came the cry, "Allah, God of my Father's and God of my own, hear thou the cry of my heart." Thrilling, touching the heart-strings as it came from the desert that spread out into infinity; fascinating in its loneliness and impenetrable depths of wickedness, misery and gloom that was like crime in its sheer desolation—that was like the outer darkness spoken of in the Bible.

The stars burned low above the tents, from which peered swarthy Bedouin faces; dogs were barking, camels were resting under their heavy

burdens by the tents, while inside were the women, children and horses. Squalor and filth lay like a curse about me, the heritage of the desert; dreariness, harshness and privations were theirs; they seemed a black spot—God's mistake in the plan of creation. Wandering in earth's desolate spaces the region of drifting sands, of sunburnt ways of the wilderness, where life and its necessities are traversed by paths along which are glistening bones of things that found oblivion in the arid wastes. Scorched by the east winds that have made havoc in the region of Jericho ever since the beginning.

Encased in their pride of worship the Mohammedan looks with measureless hatred upon one of our creed, and, proud of their belief in Allah and his right dealing with them, they are ever ready to kill or plunder an unbeliever. Whatever their beliefs, one can but respect a religion that is as unlike our half-hearted prayers as our lives, our aims and aspirations are from the mystical lives they lead. That makes them carry their prayer rugs with them, whereon they prostrate themselves and send forth invocations from desert places, from house-tops and minarets above roofs, down to sleeping palms below.

Unconsciously I found myself repeating something from the ancient Aryan scriptures. "In the beginning there arose the source of golden light. He was the only Lord of all, all that is, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death." Surely the shadow of death rests by the Dead Sea and on phantom-like Nebo. Where are the tribes

of other days? They are blotted from the face of the earth, and there remains only these dusky wanderers, and for them ineffable pathos and sadness, too, hopeless for consolation.

* *

A Message.

If I had the wishing hat of Fortunates I would wish to be with you. I should not care where or what the place might be—if only with you! Then the hat might be tossed into space, and nevermore would I care to find it. The curtains of yesterday would drop down and those of tomorrow roll up, and in the sanctuary of your presence I would seek no otherwhere, and would not plead with the gods for a kingdom to rule. For we would not care to seek further, knowing our kingdom of happiness was large enough for two. And the sapphire dome above would bless and comfort us in the kingdom our love had created. It would belong to us, and we would be in possession of the most priceless estate that God has ever given to mortals—the kingdom of love.

* *

Fame, a bubble that blesses for a moment with its radiant beauty that a breath of envy or jealousy blights with hot breath before the heart almost has felt its balm. And love? what does it mean after all but a gleaming, irridescent drop of dew that is scorched by the arid winds of indifference and forgetfulness or turned into the slough of woe.

Memory Walks With Me.

In fancy I wander in lands again where my willing feet have trod, and whether in fancy or in dreams, it is sweet to return and be in places that draw the soul as the moon does the sea. Often I thus walk through the matchless scenery along the crescent-shaped bay and on the heights at Castellamare where Tasso once walked, and feel as did he while looking at the beautiful, unchanging panorama spread out before me—that "Nature alone has eternal youth." For I see and enjoy the same scenes that while ever new and engrossing in tints and coloring, yet is ever unchanged in contour and form.

In fancy I hear the rythm of waters laving the shore along the Esplanade at Amalfi mixed and intermingled with the strange, fateful and entrancing songs of the Italian fishermen singing out on the unrivaled and glorious bay from whose celestial waters they draw the finny food. I look out on this earthly paradise again from Pozzuoli that Saint Paul saw on his way to Rome and thoughts of Nero here in this fair region, planning the death of his mother are like blots on a beautiful picture, and fancy marvels at the sin and evil of a human heart that the heavenly beauty of scenes like this could not control or efface. * * * In fancy I am again in Rome and push aside the heavy leathern curtain and through the incense-misted air see again the high altar of Saint Peter's. Again I wander out on the Campagna and pause by the Catacombs, hearkening for voices that

might perchance break the frail bars of sleep that sever the dead from us. * * * Only to be again conscious of the witchery and peace of the place, to feel the mystery of the past, to sense the pain and joy of lives that knew friendship, love and hate, and feel one's self a part of the ruins that takes such strange hold upon one's being, bringing the feeling that at some time one's heart loved and beat with joy amid these old but new scenes.

* *

Tamalpais.

The blue coast range and the distant ocean glinting in the radiant light make a fitting frame for the flower-bedecked plain where were splashes of snowy white flowers and acres of lupins with bands of anemones—baby-blue eyes—mixed with red and purple blossoms, veritable rainbow tints gleaming in gorgeous colorings on the earth below. The orchards, one mass of pink and white bloom, looking like masses of tinted snow heaped on an emerald carpet. The larks, with breasts vieing with the yellow poppies, and blue birds, with wings of heaven's coloring, were winging and singing their way through this paradise of sweetness. The skies gleaming with ethereal ruby and glowing beryl above the shadowy, misty amethystine sea, terraces and ravines bathed in changing waves of light, elates one with a sense of intoxication, the body is refreshed by hours spent on the heights, and one finds a physical and mental tonic that is strengthening and re-vivifying.

California.

Father Crespi, in 1770, gave to California the melodious Spanish names to places where he encamped in his travels. We ought to erect a monument to him who gave us these names which make our State different and distinct from other states, and equally condemn and change the names the miners gave to the Sierra's slopes, gulches and towns. What visions the old missions conjure up! How we love to muse over days gone by in visiting them. Carmel Mission, the valley and beautiful bay, Santa Lucia Mountains and pine forest and Cypress Point are crystallized dreams. Los Dolores, "Brook of Sorrows," choked and lost by drifting sands. San Juan Capistrano partly wrecked by earthquake in 1812, is pathetic and appealing, with its palms and cactus-grown ruins, its warped and twisted pepper trees and grapevines that throw loving tendrils about the adobe walls, that are to me like the crumbling mud-dried walls and houses of Damascus. The crude paintings of heaven and hell are dim, the bells are silent that once rang out, the Angelus at eventide, and trembling neophytes were brightened and cheered by the sound which caused the evil spirits to flee away. Better so—silent and broken—than the sound from some half restored and wholly unimproved Mission that bespeaks the effort of the present. It is far better to keep our ruins and preserve them as they do in Egypt than attempted restoration and eliminating landmarks it is well worth while to keep. Rome keeps her Coliseum, her

Forum and Maritime Prison where Peter and Paul were imprisoned. Might we not as well keep and prserve the ruins of Missions that dotted El Camino Reale from north to south in our vast State and hold them dear as we did the memory of their founder, Junipero Serra?

* *

Give freely to suffering humanity in kindness and sympathy for those who are in need, and not as a sort of "fire insurance" against the possibility of a plausible purgatory hereafter.

* *

We of the free and untrammelled West, unrestricted by rigid conventionalities, are happy in living where we may use our own judgment regarding dress, moral opinion and physical needs without considering whether we are violating the ethics as to what standard they might belong. Each soul claims the right and privilege of attending to self first, then if it suits, follow the prevailing fashions in costumery, general deportment and good conduct; and still not be a pariah or a freak if one is nervy enough to be natural, as we usually are in the breezy West. To be one's own self and live one's own life according to desires, and not arbitrary or set rules, to feel the call of the great, generous land from its snow-crested peaks to its fruitful valleys, brings out all that is best in us for its stability and steadfastness, beauty and grandeur, uplifts and purifies from the dross and ills of life.

The Cliff Dwellers of San Francisco.

Memories of an evening spent with the cliff dwellers of San Francisco, a radiant evening with a tang of salt atmosphere from the breakers beating, dabbling and washing the feet of the city below, a city that seemed unreal viewed through the veil of mist, softening its brilliant streets and towering, scintillating buildings. Fragrant and mysterious came the odors from unseen places of mignonette, heliotrope and roses, incense wafted out over the opaline waters of the island-sprinkled bay, with its land-locked waters, and shores gleaming with myriads of lights coming from homes that at least in the twilight are not commonplace. There are many beautiful homes with the winsome grace of the Orient built by those whose fancies have turned further back than those of our New World's architectural buildings, and have fashioned out of the dead and buried—but resurrected past—from the cliff dwellers' homes like these of which I write. Fashioned after the cliff dwellers, and though safety from foes is not the need now, the paramount idea is isoluation and rest, with the satisfying pleasure of being away from the crowds, the turmoil of the street, amid visions of beauty—so nearer the stars.

And yet who can fathom the strange inconsistencies of life and the vagaries of the human mind? The fascination of fiery, squirming, electric serpents far down the slope, drew the cliff-

dwellers from the heights down to earth's depths. Curious Eves and indulgent Adams were drawn from the heavenly scenes by the lure of the serpent—from Michael Angelo's Heaven to Dante's Inferno, from the heights to the city's cellars; from feasts of the gods to an orgie of beer! Ineffacable pictures and unforgetable lessons, contrasts that will ever give food for thought, because we enjoy things by contrast. And some of us came away with hearts of thankfulness to a kind heaven that had been merciful, giving us the heights instead of the slums, the sunlit valleys of peace and happiness rather than life in vice-haunted dens where degradation and bestiality are rampant; where the innocent are lured to destruction and escape impossible! A look of infinite yearning for something better flashed from the eyes of one young, yet old enough to realize her condition, and with it a world of weariness and loathing, plain as though spoken, left a sore spot in my heart and an infinite compassion for her. In the great day of judgment what an accounting there will be for these souls mantled in glory that have been sold to the world and soiled by its mire.

* *

It has been said that with money one can buy everything but happiness—a pure bluff! If you haven't money you cannot buy anything; without food, shelter or clothing there can be no happiness. With these there can be at least contentment, which is a twin of happiness, and with it one has about all one can expect in this world.

Wanted.

I would be so happy to have you with me, friend o' mine, that in case of scarcity and a crowd I'd be generous and feed you off my own plate. Not so with one who came unsolicited recently, who bruised my unwilling ears about paths of rectitude other people should make, while being indifferent about his own. Willingly would I have consigned him to that place we read of where he might be kept busy raking cinders on the trails. Truly, like Jehoran the King of Judah in Chronicles, "He departed without being desired."

* *

The Pyramid of Cheops.

From the summit of Cheops I saw the broad, undulating desert with its heaps of broken masonry, yawning pits, rifts showing here and there, and the number of smaller pyramids that can only be appreciated from the top. The Sierra-like ridges of distant hills, Cairo, Mokattam, the Citadel and glittering domes and minarets show clearly as if at our feet. There were the gray-green palm groves and the emerald, fertile valley which I appreciated for the first time, in all its blossoming beauty, beating up against the sands, the living, joyous stretch of river keeping back the drifting sands that seems the very embodiment of death and desolation.

Other pyramids appear in the distance, and there were Memphis and Heliopolis, and brooding over the country was the mystery of death. The

sun illumines the hot, dry sands and the territory of the dead. And while I look the shadows of the pyramids tell me it is time to leave. We pass through fields green and blossoming with flowers, where the camels go with such heavy burdens, and the long-necked, black buffaloes work in the fields or stand in the water of the canals. Men and women in long, loose robes, veiled and turbanned, add to the strangeness of the scene. Twilight—the pictures fade—the day is done.

* *

The Sphinx—A Reverie.

In the half-light of the afternoon's glow I saw the strange mysterious figure, part couchant and partly buried in the drifting sands. What strange days, and stranger nights have brightened and shadowed that passive face that seemed waiting in silence mysterious and sublime. I forgot Time as I stood before that mighty face, older than the pyramids, resting on that lonely desert where no single blade of grass or thing of life is known; gazing ever eastward where the sun breaks the gray mists that hover over the silvery, winding Nile, and the moving, animated life. The breath from fragrant fields is wafted up here to this helpless form through balmy evenings and moon-silvered nights. A touch brings me back to Life's realities, and I am led to the kneeling camel, a great white beast—Rameses II, they call him—and we go back to the city from that ghostly region.

The Plains of Moab.

From the Jordan I looked toward Nebo and Pisgah, where Moses climbed from the plains of Moab. And I think of Him who was buried in a valley against "Beth-peor." Among the cool lush grasses and fair, sweet blossoms where the waters from "Ayun Musa"—Springs of Moses—clear and cold, glide down from the mountain side. What peace, what ineffable rest and delight! After the desert, after forty years of wandering in sun-parched arid places. A servant of His Master, the great Lawyer's grave is where? No man knoweth—only God and his angels know, and may in triumph tell when the last call, "Come," is wafted in musical cadence, and death and mystery shall be no more.

* *

The Nile.

An evening that burnt itself in memory when the fellaheen wended their way homeward under the dark shadows of the palm trees, their bare feet as brown as the dust they kicked up on the borders of the Nile, which eddied with a strange radiance, gleaming a pale golden color, then the ripples caught a gleam of fire, shading off into shades of mauve and amethyst. Wrapped in its filmy veil it gave one the idea of ethereal loveliness and voluptuousness also. Then there came the sound of music, and the words, "Allah, il Allah," traveled over the waters from drifting feluccas, throbbing monotonous sounds of the beating on a daraboukeh, tones insistent and call-

ing, calling—the East with its centuries of repression—calling the West to its sensual, dreamy, subtle barbarity, entreating one to wring all possible joy and happiness from the fleeting years. Calling one to dusky temples wherein were strange idols enfolded by the enduring mystery of Egypt. Low chantings filled with a strange, expressive sadness, a murmur of voices—spirits lurking in the shadows of the Tombs of the Kings. Crying, sobbing in heart-sore tones over desecrated corridors and vacant Tombs. Is it from souls that are supposed to return after a thousand years that have come and are vainly seeking their bodies? Do they keep vigil over the places they love? grieving in weird, unearthly tones that hold something thrilling and touching, and held notes with the yearnings and longings that spoke, too, of the cruelty of the world, that held no healings for grievous wounds. That seem also to demand of one to get the best of life—Pagan, unbeliever or Christian, what matter—only this, to enjoy the best life gives in its brief space ere it swings out over the uttermost verge into the mysteries unsolved.

* *

I am a firm believer in hygienic principles. There is nothing so unhygienic as to sit down and be content in doing nothing. A satisfied failure suits me not. I am thoroughly hygienic—I believe in action. My life shall at least not be an effortless one. There is something pleasurable in the thought I have done what I could.

Battleships.

One does not look for battleships in the woods or in sheds, yet I have found two ships so placed,—strangely interesting. One was in a park on Lake Washington among a group of totem poles from the Northland, representing the history, religions and legends of a race of Indians. The aboriginal battleship or quaint Indian war canoe, seemed in a way to have found a fitting resting place among the trees and totems. The scarred old ship was a very fascinating relic of times gone by. It required a whole tribe six months to hew and shape the one great tree with stone chisels and hammers —their only tools—into a war canoe. It carried forty warriors to war, and its scars show the marks of battle. It is the greatest relic of aboriginal life in America, and in looking upon its battle-scarred sides, its strange, uplifted prow, I felt a vague regret that it and the totems had found a grave amid civilization. It was to me as pathetic as was the old Viking ship stored under a shed, which I saw in Christiania, Norway. In this ship the Viking Chief had made his last voyage, and, after death, he with his treasures was sealed up in this sepulchre. His oars and chieftain's chair with him, the prow pointing seaward all in readiness for Odin's call to sail away on the beautiful sea. A wave of sorrow thrilled me that in the interest of science and research it had to be exhumed. And mute, torn and rent, it will for a few years only be left for the careless eye of the unappreciative tourist. Both ships stand for an

older day, relics that should be kept inviolate, but vandalism and civilization represented in dollars and cents, and—progress as some call it—tagging on like the tail of a kite to balance things, sweep away relics that cannot be duplicated. * * *

Laughed the brook for my delight as I followed it in reminiscent mood until suddenly I stood on the green borders of Lake Washington, and in a moment forgot paganism in a touch of realism. Red men, Vikings and antiquities vanished like fog wraiths in a morning sun, for there on the shimmering, sparkling waters lay a number of our warships in the harbor. In gray massiveness they rested like great, floating monsters of the deep. What a vivid contrast to the scenes left behind—a vision to stir the blood and arouse the enthusiasm of any soul who has pride and love of country in his heart.

* *

The sweetest flowers do not always grow closest to the ground. The faint perfume of the yellow acacia comes drifting down to me as it waves far above the roof, and a perfumed, dusky red rose is peeping in at my window that has climbed story after story to add to the sweetness and fragrance that comes to my waking senses in the calm of early dawn; blessing me with the intermingled sweetness, a balm and benediction in every breeze, like a breath of something not altogether of the earth. And I, too, like the pilgrims to Nikko in Japan, send up prayers with the incense of the rose and acacia and tender earth blossoms.

The Sea.

Perched above the sea and the crowds of people I am enjoying the first, while studying the latter. Childhood and youth are there, some building castles and fortresses of sand, others romping in the waves racing along and leaving momentary prints of footsteps in the wet sand. In bunches huddled together or in detached aloofness, eager, listless or loitering in pleasant conversation, people who crowd the beach and board walk give themes for thought. One among the crowd arrested attention. She gave one the impression of swaying lilies as she stood young and trembling with her feet touching the waves, that were gently lapping the sand. One thought of wayside flowers apart from the flavors and savors of civilization. Her name should have been Narcissus. She seemed fit to be taken up bodily, placed in a dish and transferred to a cosy den to fill it with beauty and loveliness. Into a purer atmosphere, away from the talk, the chatter and lascivious watchfulness of the men who were busy weaving their spider-like webs about the innocent and unsuspecting. And most of all, from the caressing, octopus-like arms of those whose eyes had been opened, who had partaken of the tree of knowledge and experience, descendants of Eve who knew thoroughly the sinful streets of Ascalon and had apartments in Gath. The Philistines who were clothed in purple and fine raiment, with every instinct enriched by knowledge and experience—gained before youth's charms were past—welcom-

ing vice clothed in tweeds, goggles and automobile coats—and in the welcome, eagerly offering innocents as incense to warm vice's cool altars.

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The Lakes of Killarney.

Where thoughts fly back like homing birds and linger there amid scenes of loveliness hard to describe. Where the wind comes fresh and pure from the higher peaks to the lower levels, and the sun sparkles on the gleaming lakes dotted with such dear little islands that are clothed in trees and verdure down to the water's edge; where one is struck by the wealth and beauty of foliage and undergrowth we on the Pacific shores know nothing about. The larches and beech trees are beautiful in their summer foliage, and the music of birds comes clear and sweet from swaying boughs and leafy coverts, the thrushes send sweet throaty gurgles and little jerky spasms of joy. The saucy robbins chirp everywhere. The blackbird's flute-like notes came from the marsh lands, tiny warblers from the dense holly trees sent little trills of joy and minor cadences that hurt and haunt one like the memory of some dimly remembered happiness, making the whole perfect in melody, song and rural beauty. Songs from birds and songs coming from the boatmen and drivers jogging lazily along in the jaunting cars, Irish songs, Irish wit and laughter, a quaint, lovable and good-hearted people they are, with a courage and spirit battling with poverty that commands unbounded admiration.

Reminiscences of Jerusalem.

Words cannot describe the mingled emotions that fills one's heart while walking along the Via Dolorosa, or while standing on the old, old walls and looking down the slopes. There lies Gethsemane in the shadow with its gnarled trees, there, too, is Olivet and the sepulchral village of Siloam. Farther yet in the gloom pitted in the clefts and rocky hillsides is the leper village, where through the ages came the saddest cry the world has ever known, "Unclean, unclean."

The place overflows with thought. Looking down in the streets that are steep and stair-like, dirty and miserable, where are merchants, venders of wares and beggars that plead for help—even as in the days that knew the sufferings on Calvary. On Mount Zion is the tomb of David; below the "Upper Room," where was held the Last Supper, and the house of Caiphus where Peter denied his Christ.

Outside the walls one's interest does not flag. With bowed head one muses on Calvary and wanders along the road where went the three Wise Men, pausing at Rachael's tomb; then resting awhile in Bethlehem, and in the gloaming look skyward, and starward, from the shepherds' field —where as of yore the flocks are quiet, beneath distorted, gnarled old olive trees. Bethany! Gilead! and the Moab Mountains in the distance!

And the Dead Sea! a gleaming opal-tinted gem, flashes in the distance. Night over the Holy City where the dear Christ bore his burden up Calvary's slope, night—starlight—darkness, meditation and prayer.

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Point Sur Lighthouse.

The winds came strong with a tang of salt from the sea stretching away in ghostlike grayness, a gray day and sea when everything seemed unreal. The ships out on the moving waters pass on phantom-like beyond the vision. I hear the booming breakers beating relentlessly on the rock-ribbed shores, and almost feel the resistless ebb and flow of the strong undertow that pulls the waters back, back from the rocky cliff where I sit secure while enjoying its strength and vastness. Impelled to come here and listen to the throbbing, tumultuous pulsings of the heart of the world of waters. Feeling in some way a part of the wild waste of waters, as if in some stage of far-off existence my life had been mixed with its turbulence, its strength and constancy. It draws me to it—even as the moon does the waters at high tide—and my soul responds to the ocean's enthralling power and charm.

The Big Basin.

A place where one falls under the spell of the kineomatic color effect, and wondrous tapestry of glowing colors. A place where one merges from indifference to one of high thought and purpose. A place of worship and love for an eternal Beneficence who gave this place of delight, rest and coolness. There are faint pipings in the distance, there are whisperings and ssh-ssh of fairy-like feet, faint, fainter then silence—silence that seems to enwrap and bless—that is the very essence of quietude and solemnity stealing into one's soul while resting under the great trees that stand tip-toe touching the foamy, rose-tinted clouds with applauding hands.

A place where the wind breathes in long, lazy sighs and the vines, wine-red, and flecked with Nature's paint brush, beckon one along blazoned ways. No cathedral ever equalled in solemnity and beauty these Anaks of the redwoods with their interlacing boughs and aisles misty, dim and redolent with nature's incense that seemed to say peace be with you.

These great, brooding, druidical trees, speaking of centuries that have come and gone, that were here before the first Gothic arch reared itself upward, had joined their branches arch-wise and through their intermingled boughs and leaves, let the gold of sunshine and silver of

moonbeams, filter through them in softened beauty down to an ideal world of infinite tenderness and brooding protectiveness that stirred the soul into a recognized presence of the Eternal.

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Plants are much like human beings—some are content to nestle within their boundary line or limitations, others reach out like the bougainvillea and peep at the world, spurning barriers. In riotous disorder they overcome decency, order or boundaries; spilling over trellises and old stone walls, they flaunt to the outside world their wealth of color, bloom and beauty. If it is warmth, freedom and sunshine they seek, be they plants or human beings, why not? Is it perverse human nature that makes one pine for something other than we have, causing us to yearn for the other side of the barrier, wishing for the shadowy unknown dangers and delights that lie always in that unknown, untraveled space beyond us? Is it perversity or plain plant nature that makes them aspire, run riot and flaunt their gorgeousness to the beholder and, bursting their seed-pods, send the tiny seeds winging their way to unknown places where they find in the warm earth a welcome, and thus scattered, beautify wherever they grow.

In the Sierras.

Idling away hours when the time card seemed drawn on a limitless future, forgetful of everyday life in the magic of the untrodden mountain spaces, feeling the purity of the heights, a heart and soul infiltration sifts into one's being through the benign influence of the mountains. Away from the lower levels where the earth is poisoned by humanity, from the fever of unrest, the blackened vapors, the dust and soot of traffic and having in exchange the odorous winds that play soft, sweet, nameless melodies while bringing the breath of pines, and the flowers that bloom in beauty where no destroying, aimless feet have trod. Lured to heavenly rest by the call of soft, woodland murmurings, the hurry of printless feet, of timid denizens of this fairyland by the sweet applause of countless leaf hands, it is surely worth while to live near the heart of nature rather than wear out one's short life in the world's levels seeking for supremacy, money and position.

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The Roman Campagna.

Remembrance is sweet of days wandering in charmed places, resting in wayside cafes, perched on hillside with pergolas twined about with grape-vines, while saucy bacchanalian faces smeared with the purple juice of grapes were peering through the vines. It is good to sit with the fresh, vagrant winds bringing cool breaths from the Appennines and odors delicately sweet from the breath of lilies that were sirening in soft tones of

the joy of life, the joy of living while we partook of the wild fragoles, soup and spaghetti that is "cooka" with a faint odor of garlic mixed with other mysterious but more agreeable odors, and with strange little relishes that come and makes one indifferent to which comes first, the soup or dessert. The food is not so important, but looking over and away from the Campagna westward you take your coffee with a saddened heart as you take your farewell of the simple and lovable life in Italy.

* *

Formulas and rules have no place in the glorious synthesis which is creation either of a world or a flower. We do not know why or how it is done, and it is well perhaps to eschew needless formulas, to abjure useless rules and burdens; in so doing one can feel young and close up to some sort of a dear, good world that is beautiful and worth living in, then one can feel there are oases, rippling brooks and cool, deep pools in the drifting sands of life—salaaming to the real or unreal—being indifferent to either condition.

* *

Some of us, no matter how we strive, cannot entirely slough the skin of original sin, but find shreds of it still hanging to our best intentions. Yet surely efforts are not entirely futile. It is worth something to try to get rid of the old and put on the new, whether it be a new skin or otherwise.

Equality.

Equality of opportunity and of pleasure with men seems to be the cry of the twentieth century woman. The voice of the church that was unquestioned in by-gone times is not heeded now, and even the echo is lost in the social revolution that has enabled women to obliterate rules and customs that were made for women only. A social revolution that has permitted her to spurn the old regime and accept the present and saner age of logic wherein she claims the right to think for herself and in the logical standard of conduct that is not blinded by past rules and customs she, with open eyes and unbiased mind, wends her way bravely along. Feeling in the eyes of a just God there is no dividing line—that wrong is wrong—regardless of sex—knowing, too, that man has had a mistaken idea of his importance and has taken upon himself in ages past the right to do as he wished, living according to man made laws and customs, claiming because of them, if he chose to do wrong—being a man—it was right to do so.

Strive to be worthy of the place the gods have assigned you.

Strive to help others and lighten the shadows that enwrap them.

Strive to make memories of deeds done, stepping stones to a higher and better existence; and you will not only be better and happier,—but will help the world and make it all the more livable and lovable because you have lived.

* *

"I drifted content on the still lagoon,
In a shallow craft that was rudely wrought,
Till I heard one day the luring rune,
That a vagrant wind from the ocean brought.
And never again could I slowly drift,
And never again could I feel content,
Till I sailed away on the current swift,
And learned what the song of the ocean meant."

The Ocean's Spell.

I have sailed and know the ocean well,
Felt its troubled fury when waves beat high;
Knew its moods, its strength and wondrous spell,
Its angry defiance and its softest sigh. * * * *

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I have heard the winds moaning, sobbing far above me in the ship's rigging, felt the ocean's breeze and its gentle little pats, heard it croon and whisper while watching the red wine of sunsets splashed like crushed heart's blood against a dull gray sky. I have heard the song, faintly sweet, like the soft tinkle of bells, announcing the elevation of the Host. I have learned the ocean's wordless tune, its call, its power, its force that tempts, compels one to answer, to respond without power to resist its fascination and its enthrallments. * * * *

I have learned the song, I know what it meant—
And the Viking's spirit holds me fast,
I know in my heart the message sent,
The song and music while life shall last
Will sweeten each day and brighten each night.

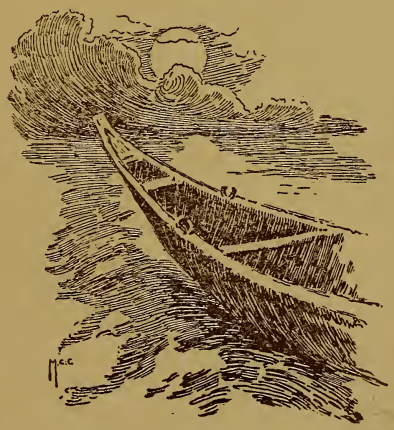
But I listened too long to the ocean's rune,
And floated too far on its currents swift;
Too far from the peace of the old lagoon,
Too far to return and dream and drift.

An Empty Boat.

Lying in dumb desolation on the golden-rimmed sands in the yellow gleam of sunsets. Silent, in the silver nights when the mother moon drenches it in a sheen of light. Resting, with its prow pointing to the foolish waves leaping up trying to kiss the moon. Quiet, with its submerged anchor waiting for the day when the sands shall loose their seal.

It is only—

An empty boat left on Life's ford,
Its garnered sheaves lost overboard,
The sheaves of joy, of love and pride,
Held fast by Memory's restless tide.



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